

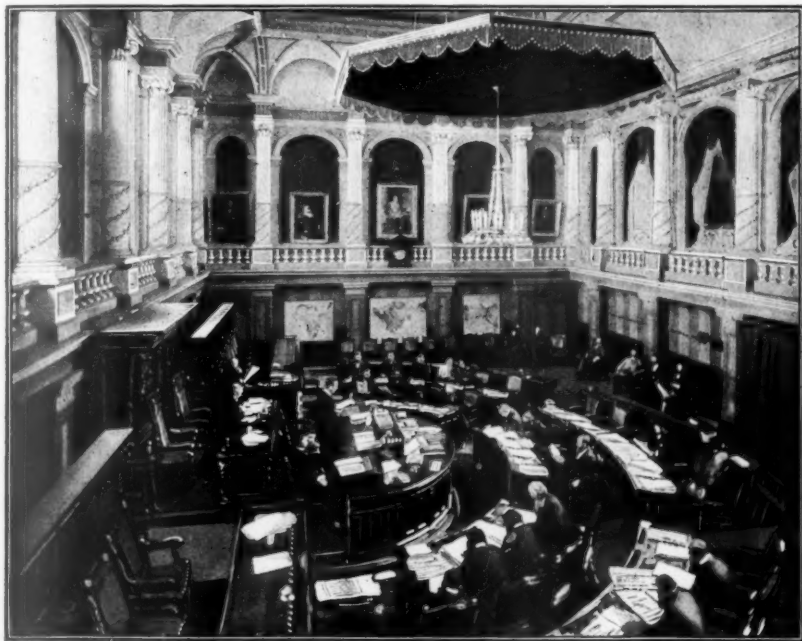
THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

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No. 5.



THE VOLKSRAAD IN SESSION.

THE AFRICAN BOER.

BY OLIVE SCHREINER.

I.

SUCH as is here presented is the life, and such are the social conditions, of the primitive Boer, wherever he is found to-day, from the Zambesi to the Cape.

In our cities and villages, the descendant of the Boer is found in wholly different forms. He is the law-giver, the magistrate, the successful barrister, the able

doctor; everywhere children of the Boer fill our schools and bear away the prizes; and in the yearly university lists of successful candidates, the names of the Huguenot-Dutch youths, and more especially the girls, rank high, and often equal or exceed in number those of all other residents in the Colony.*

* To prevent misunderstanding, it is necessary to state that the term Boer, like the term Highland clansman, is more than a mere designation of race. Had Scott been asked to describe a typical Highland clansman, he would at once have described him with certain manners, ideas, virtues and wants, forming an absolutely true picture of the ancient clansman, which yet might not in any way apply to the Duke of



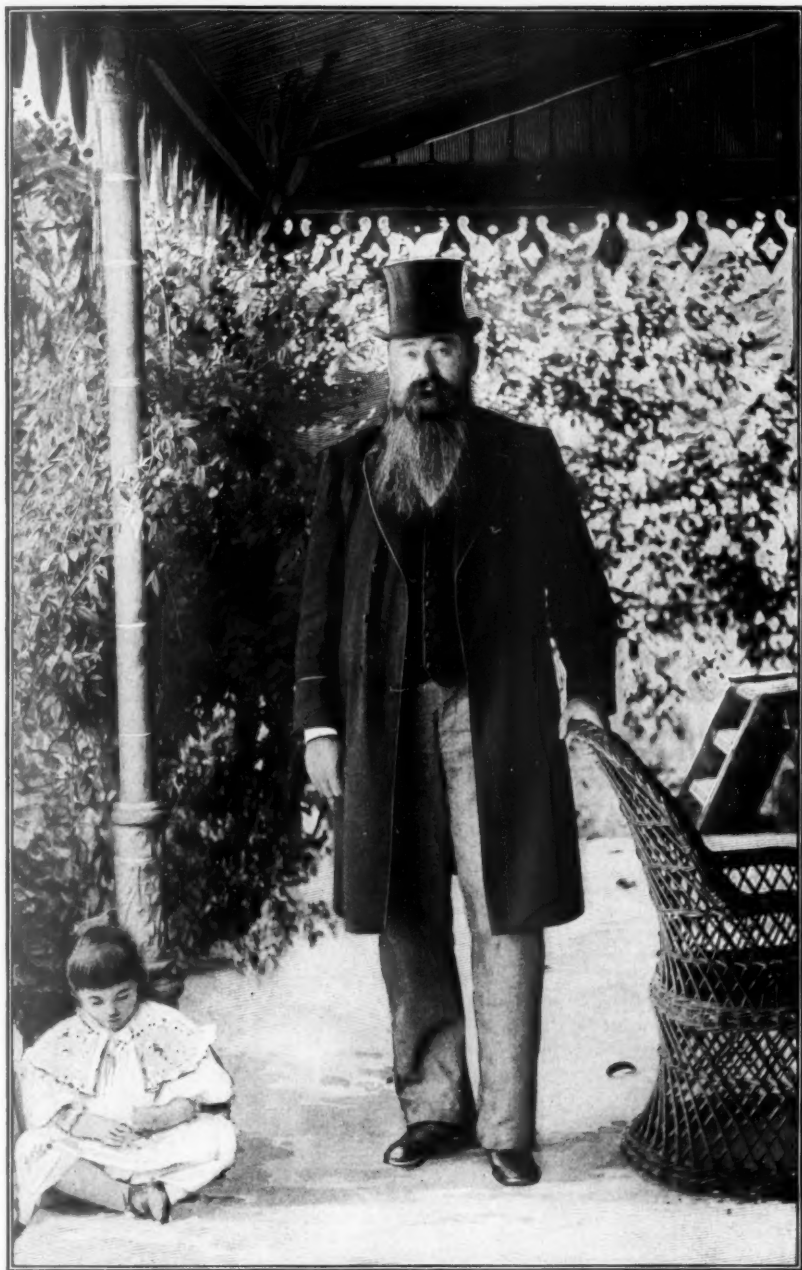
THE PATRIOT COUNCIL.

We have often been led to speculate on the marked success of the descendants of the African Boer in the purely intellectual walks of life, not only in South Africa but also when visiting the universities of Europe. Race, and the healthful and stimulating climate of Africa, may have their share in the result; but it has sometimes appeared to us that, given these, a further

explanation of the intellectual virility of the male and female descendants of the Boer may perhaps in part be found in the fact that for several generations the intellect of the race lay to a large extent fallow, and was not overtaxed or strained. Every noted judge, politician, every successful university student, male or female, is the descendant of men and women who for

Argyle or other cultured descendant of the Highlander, who, though being the chief of a Highland clan, and possessing possibly no drop of foreign blood, would yet belong to a wholly different type of civilization. Probably not one-half of the descendants of the Boers are Boers to-day, in the sense of speaking only the Taal and abiding by seventeenth-century manners and customs; and in twenty-five years there will not, we regret to think, be a Boer born in South Africa, though there will be more than half a million South Africans of Dutch-Huguenot descent.

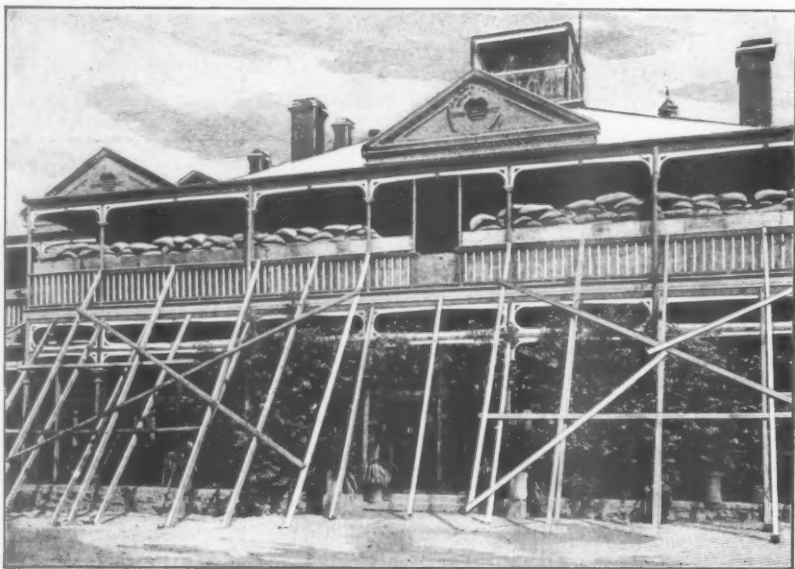
Serious political miscalculation is the result of the misconception that all Dutch-Huguenot South Africans are primitive Boers. In childhood we remember having heard that a Scotch Highlander was coming on a visit; and our disappointment when, instead of a clansman, speaking Gaelic, wearing a kilt, and playing the bagpipes, a delicate young man, much addicted to reading Tennyson and playing Beethoven, appeared, was probably much like that which awaits the foreigner who still in all South African Dutchmen expects to see the Boer.



PRESIDENT STEYN OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE AT HOME.

some generations lived far from the fretful stir of great cities, where petty ambitions and activities and useless complexity in small concerns tend to wear out and debilitate the intellect and body. Vast cities, as up to the present time they have existed, are the hothouses wherein the human creature overstimulated tends, unless under very exceptional conditions, to emasculate and decay. In the peaceful silences of the veldt, the Boer nerve and the Boer brain have probably reposed and recuperated; therefore the descendant to-day, thrown suddenly into the hurrying stream of mod-

ment, desiring to restrict British possessions and responsibilities in South Africa, determined to relinquish the Free State and its inhabitants. So opposed were the indwellers of the State to this, that they sent home to England a deputation headed by the Rev. Andrew Murray, a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, to beg of the English government not to give up the territory. But the English government refused to entertain their request, regarding the country as a source of expense and responsibility, without any compensatory advantages. Diamonds were then undis-



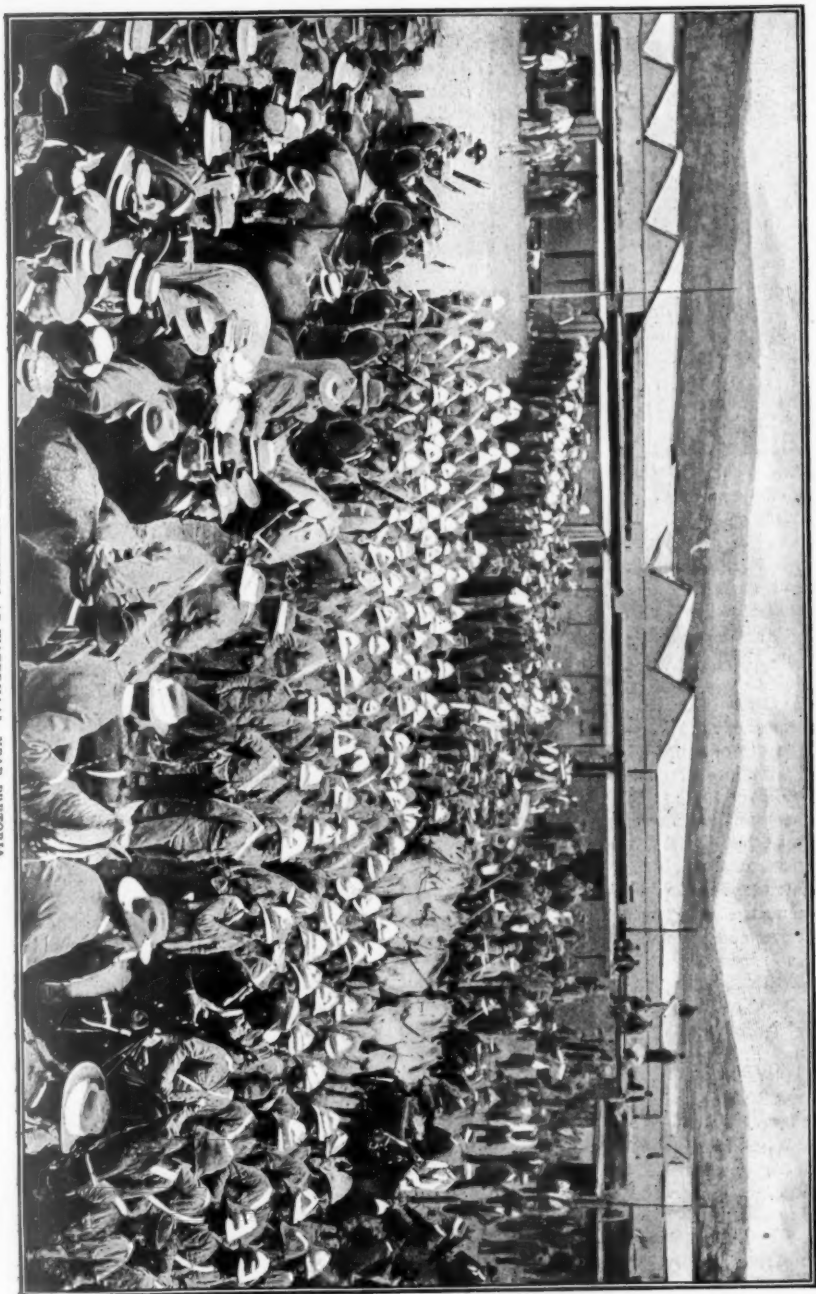
KIMBERLEY, WHERE CECIL RHODES WATCHED THE SIEGE.

ern life, appears in it with the sound nerves and the couched-up energy of generations. Whether he will retain these under modern conditions, is to be seen.

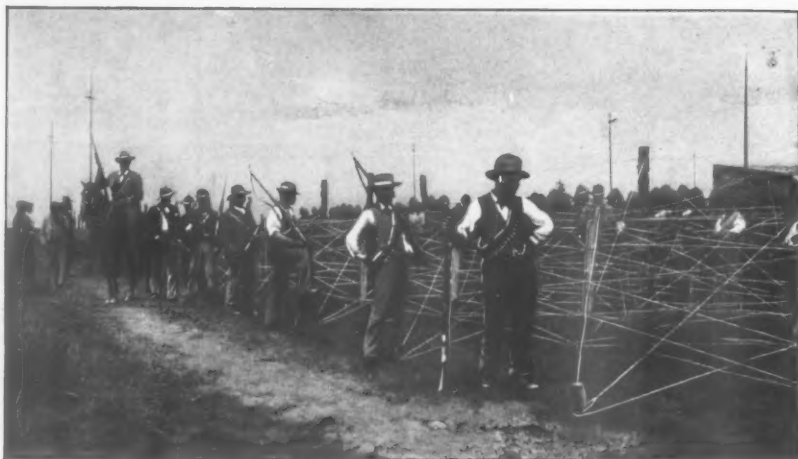
The Boer has, as we shall see, founded two republics in South Africa. The first, the Orange Free State, has a most unique little history.

The earliest white men who crossed the Orange River, and made their homes in the high grass plains, were emigrant Boers who had trekked from the Cape Colony. Later, British sovereignty over the country was proclaimed; but in the month of February in the year 1854 the British govern-

covered and the mineral wealth of South Africa was unknown. The inhabitants of the territory therefore gathered themselves together, drew up a constitution and formed themselves into a republic, under the title of the Orange Free State. The first sitting of the first Volksraad of the Free State took place on the 28th of March, 1854. From that time the little Boer republic has gone on increasing its property and multiplying its inhabitants, its educational institutions advancing and its agricultural capacities developing, till to-day it is allowed by all who have studied its conditions to be one of the most har-



BRITISH PRISONERS AT WATERMAAL, NEAR PRETORIA.



BOER METHOD OF GUARDING CAPTIVES AT WATERVAAL.

monious and well-governed little nations in existence.

In the year 1869, diamonds were discovered in the Free State territory, and England desired to obtain possession of that section of the country containing the Kimberley mines. After much bitter discussion, the Free State authorities were compelled to accept ninety thousand pounds for the strip of land which they were not strong enough for the moment to defend by force of arms.

This loss of their richest diamond-field (the Free State still contains some smaller ones) appeared a severe blow to the Free State, but by it they were saved from the misfortune which later befell their northern sister-republic, when the discovery of vast quantities of gold made it an object of desire and almost unconquerable lust to the speculator and capitalist, Jew and Christian.

The history of the northern republic, known as the South African Republic, or Transvaal, while resembling that of the Free State in many points, yet differs from it largely in others.

When later we enter into a detailed consideration of the different states and communities into which South Africa is divided, we shall closely examine its history and structure; for the moment it is enough to glance rapidly at its history, merely to

understand the position of the Boer in South Africa to-day.

The story of the foundation of this state is perhaps the most epic and unique of all the pages of human history during the last century; but, for our present purpose, it is enough to note the main facts. In 1795, the British first conquered the Cape of Good Hope from the Dutch East India Company. The Stadholder, who had fled from Holland to England when the French army entered the Dutch provinces, acquiesced in this, but the South African people were not consulted. In accordance with the treaty of Amiens, Great Britain in 1803 restored the Cape to the Batavian Republic. A few months later, European war broke out afresh. In 1806, Great Britain again conquered it, and held it till 1814, when the King of the Netherlands formally ceded it to her in return for six million pounds sterling. The King was urgently in need of money, and as Great Britain would not restore the Cape under any circumstances, he was glad to get the six million pounds. The people of Africa were not consulted in regard to this cession; it was made without their knowledge or consent. Since 1814, Great Britain has retained possession of the Cape, a period now of eighty-six years.

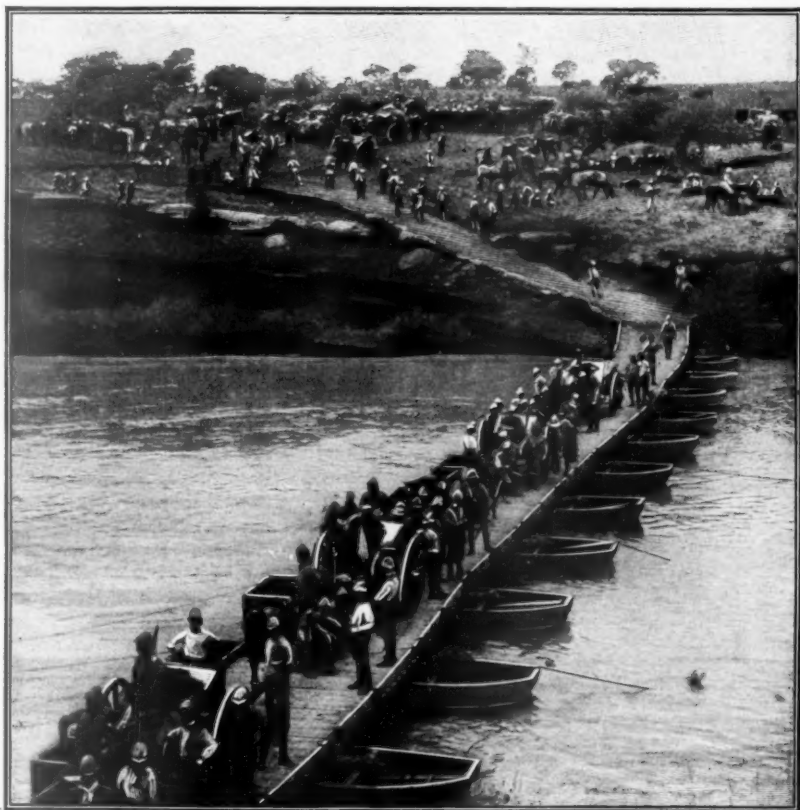
The conditions under which the English government took possession of the land were exceedingly propitious. The bulk of

the inhabitants, severed already for a century from Europe, cared little if at all which European power it was that victualled its fleets and held official rule at Table Bay, if their rights of free internal action were but left untouched. The Dutch East India Company, though probably not worse than other commercial companies, had the peculiar incapacity inherent in all such bodies for the wise governing of a free people, and had so alienated the hearts of the South Africans that they had already risen against it. There was no prejudice against the English as such, and had a tolerable amount of tact, sympathy and judgment been evinced in dealing with the early inhabitants of the land, there need have been no white race problem in South Africa.

The English government in the early days appears to have been not unfortunate in some of the persons who were sent out to represent it at the Cape. In such individuals as General Dundas, the Earl of Cadogan and Sir John Cradock, England had not merely loyal and well-intentioned servants, but men of tact and judgment. But she was not always to be so fortunate.

We English are a peculiar people. More often than most other races, and in this point resembling the Jews, we tend often to run to extremes of contradictory vice and virtue. As the Jewish race tends to incarnate itself on the one hand in a Moses or an Isaiah, or in a Spinoza, a man so far removed from all material ambitions and desires that with one of the most colossal intellects the modern world has seen,

Student's Christian Association,
Not to be taken from the room.



BULLER'S PONTOON BRIDGE ACROSS THE TUGELA AT COLENSO.

he was content to spend his life in poor apartments, grinding convex glasses for a livelihood, while he worked out his system of philosophy, desiring neither fame nor wealth; and on the other hand in the grasping money-lender and millionaire; now in a Christ and then in Judas Iscariot, so we English appear to manifest among our folk the extremes of self-sacrificing humanity, magnanimity and heroism, and of sordid, all-grasping self-seeking. In South Africa we have had our Livingstones and our Greys and our Porters, men who across the arid wastes of political and public life shed the perfume of their large and generous individualities; men, the mere consciousness of a national relation with whom is rightly a matter of pride to the English South African heart; while on the other hand, our race has here manifested in certain of its representatives as much of low ambition, and merciless greed, as it has been the unfortunate province of any individuals of any race to exhibit.

But between these extremes has lain the large bulk of our officials and ordinary citizens of English descent, with the blended vices and virtues of our people. One quality seems to be marked in our average Englishman: with a great deal of loyalty toward our own race and a great deal of desire for freedom and independence for ourselves, and a passion for carry-

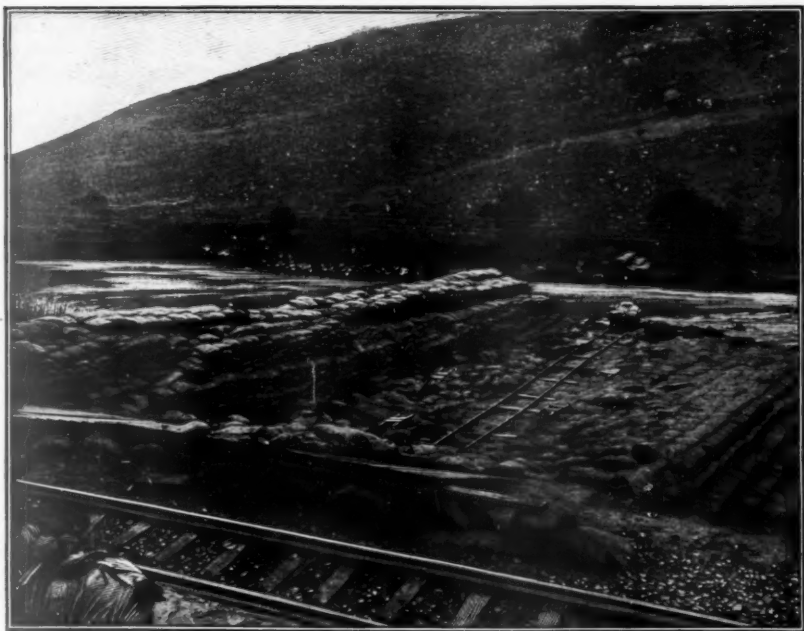
ing out our own methods, we have also a tendency to understand very little of other races and individuals, and to regard the ideas, manners, customs or desires of others, whether as races or individuals, as less important and justifiable, and far less virtuous, than our own. This is perhaps more or less characteristic of all Teutonic peoples as compared with Celtic; but it certainly appears more marked in our own English division than in any other branch. This disposition has its corresponding advantages. We are not easily influenced for evil or for good; if we do not learn readily, we do not soon give up that which we have learned; it yields us a great stability; and as long as, whether as individuals or as a race, we remain on our own soil and among our own surroundings, though it may make life a little narrow and hard, its disadvantages are not serious or vital. But the moment we are placed in close juxtaposition with other races, or enter foreign lands, more especially as rulers or controllers, that which was an innoxious, venial defect becomes a serious, it may be even a deadly, deficiency.

In certain of our rulers this quality has manifested itself and led to the most enormous and catastrophical effects. Among such men was Lord Charles Somerset. While he was a well-intentioned and energetic man of unusual ability (as far as can be judged across the uncertain historical shadows of seventy years; we are far from accepting as proved all the charges of extortion and corruption made against him), yet it was during his rule that one of the most serious mistakes made during England's rule in South Africa took place; indeed, his rule in South Africa may be said to have been one long blunder.

Gracious and obliging to those who submitted absolutely to his will, he was a man oppressive and overbearing to all who resisted his own views, or opposed his own wishes. Devoid of imagination and wide sympathies, he, in common with certain later representatives of England in South Africa, failed utterly to understand the people he came to govern, the land they lived in, or the conditions evoked by land and people; and the results of his rule were evil for South Africa and yet more disastrous for England.



THE SCENE OF CRONJE'S LAST STAND AT
PAARDEBERG.



THE KLIP RIVER DAM, BY MEANS OF WHICH THE BOERS TRIED TO FLOOD LADYSMITH.

The mental attitude of the brave free-men who had peopled the untrodden land and made themselves a home in our African wilderness, was for him, as for some who succeeded him, a region he was never able by his mental constitution to penetrate.

Many things had produced pain among the free-folk. The mere fact that without their consent or desire their land had been placed in the hands of England; that there were no representative institutions through which the people could make their voice heard; that the Dutch language spoken by all the white inhabitants with the exception of a few English officials was not recognized by the government; that the Governor received ten thousand pounds a year and four residences out of the small revenue, and that he with a few officials absorbed one-fourth of the entire revenue of the land; that he ruled with the same autocratic absoluteness with which the Czar of all the Russias is supposed to control his subjects—all these were sources of friction. But all these small matters might have been removed into the background and made of little ac-

count, had more tact and judgment been shown. But this man moved along his own course, apparently oblivious of the thoughts and affections of the people whom he had to deal with.

One of the things most felt by the colonists was the arming of the Hottentots and placing them under English officers as soldiers in the control of the country. The Hottentots were an interesting, lively and volatile, and brave little race. Now nearly extinct, they were, except the Bushmen, the most primitive of African peoples. Any one who has lived in countries where primitive races are found side by side with white men will recognize at once how much bitterness will be evoked by this proceeding, and how cruel is the result in the long run to the primitive races so used. Were England to-morrow to conquer the United States, and to organize and drill the American negroes for the purpose of keeping down the white races, not merely would the whole American population rise to a man, but it would be the most cowardly and cruel, though indirect, way of assisting in the destruction of the negro.



ARMORED TRAIN WRECKED BY BOERS, AND THE BURIAL-PLACE OF PART OF ITS CREW.

From a small beginning in 1815 rose an occurrence which has set an uncleansable mark on the history of South Africa, and which through South Africa may perhaps ultimately react on other streams of life.

In the Baviaans River Valley, on what was then the extreme eastern frontier of the Colony, lived a farmer called Frederick Bezuidenhout, a man who had always been opposed to the resignation of the Colony to the British government, which had now finally supplanted the government of Holland for nine years. He was summoned to appear before the landdrost of Graaff Reinet for striking a Hottentot, and he refused to obey the summons. A corps of Hottentot soldiers under the command of Lieutenant Rousseau was sent to arrest him. They went up the wild and beautiful valley of the Baviaans River, till they arrived at Bezuidenhout's farm near the banks of the stream. Bezuidenhout and one of his servants stationed themselves behind the stone wall of the sheep-kraal near the house. When ordered to surrender in the name of George the Third, King of England, he refused to do so, and fired his gun, but no one was touched. He then retired to the house and slipped out at the back before the Hottentots could capture him, and climbed into a *krantz*, or precipice, across the river, accompanied by one of his native servants.

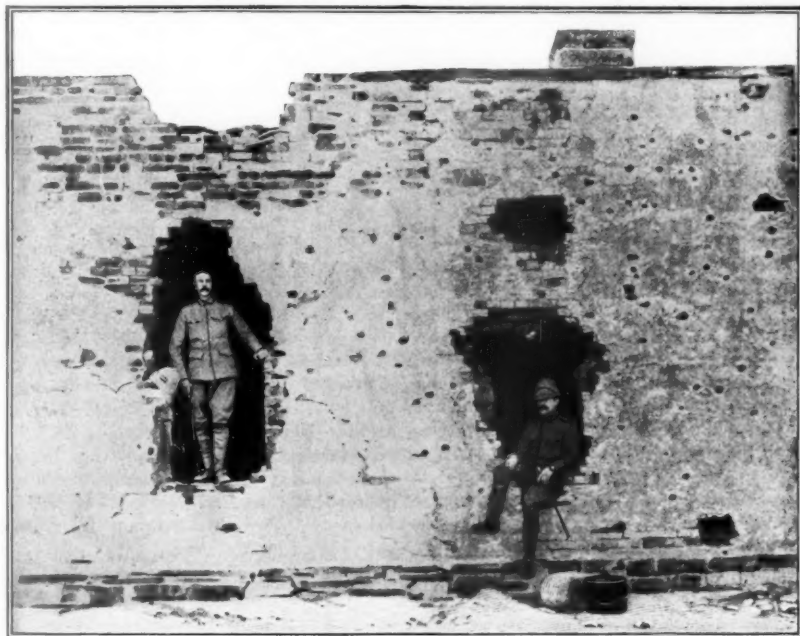
We have visited the spot: it is a scene of singular loveliness. The wild rocky African mountains rise on every hand; at the bottom of the valley is a tiny plain

which may be cultivated; mimosa and other typical African trees are scattered about. The *krantz*, or great precipice of broken rock, into which Bezuidenhout climbed, rises precipitously from the bank of the river, some rocks jutting up like fortified towers. From the lower, the river side, this *krantz* is almost if not quite inaccessible; but by going round and climbing the hill, you can easily come down upon the top. The place in which Bezuidenhout hid is often called a cave, but in the common acceptation of the term it is not such. The rocks which form a large proportion of our African precipices and crags are of a peculiar formation, very apt to split vertically into huge blocks; and between the blocks great chasms are thus often formed. Many of us remember playing among such precipices and chasms in our childhood. The place to which Bezuidenhout retired was such a cavity, open to the sky at the top and forming a kind of little room; to be at all readily entered from the top only; while in the walls are small chinks and holes through which one may look out and see the river and plain below. At the time of year at which we visited the spot, hundreds of the red African aloe flower on their long spikes were in bloom at the top of the *krantz*; and a wild bird had built its huge nest on the point of the rocks at the top of the opening, and the trees springing out of the *krantz* were in leaf. It was in this little chasm Bezuidenhout and his servant took refuge. Some state there was one

servant with him, others two. The soldiers are said to have discovered the spot by seeing the muzzle of a gun gleam from one of the openings in the side. Finding they could not reach it by climbing up from the river, they went round onto the hill and came upon it from the top of the crags. The soldiers called upon Bezuidenhout to surrender, but he refused, and declared he would never be seized alive by Hottentots. A volley of shots was fired down from the top and Bezuidenhout fell dead. His native servants surrendered, and were afterward tried, but acquitted as being merely dependents. Bezuidenhout's body was left there. Toward evening his brother, Jan Bezuidenhout, came, and with other relatives removed the body, which was buried the next day.

Over the grave impassioned speeches were made by friends, especially by Jan Bezuidenhout, who declared that they would now never rest till the Hottentot corps was driven out of the country, and their wrongs were redressed. So began the small uprising of 1815. On the 9th of November a small body of farmers met at

Diederik Mulder's and resolved to take up arms, but were betrayed by a spy who informed the government. Five days later, the little commando, under Willem Krugel, numbering fifty men, took the oath to stand by each other till death. "I swear by God Almighty never to rest till I have driven the oppressors of my nation from this land." On the 18th of November they were surrounded by a large body of troops under Colonel Cuyler; eighteen of the men surrendered, while the rest fled. Five men—Jan Bezuidenhout, Cornelis Faber, Andries Meyer, Stefanus and Abraham Bothma—resolved to fly from the country and take refuge in Kaffirland, with their wagons and families, across the river. An English major, with one hundred Hottentots and twenty-two white men, followed them. In the Winterberg Mountains the wagons of two of the men were first overtaken and captured, on the 29th of November. But Jan Bezuidenhout, Cornelis Faber, his brother-in-law, and Stefanus Bothma were outspanned near a small stream by a ravine in the mountains. They had lit their fire, and Faber and



DAMAGE DONE BY SHELLS AT KIMBERLEY.

Bothma went to the stream to fetch water. A band of Hottentot soldiers under an English lieutenant was hidden by the stream and fired on them. Bothma had no arms and was captured, but Faber returned the fire, and fell wounded in the shoulder and was also captured. There were now left of the fugitives only Jan Bezuidenhout and his wife, and their son, a boy of twelve years, who were at their wagon. The soldiers gathered round the wagon and called to them to surrender. Bezuidenhout's only reply was to fire. His wife stepped to his side. "Let us die together," she said. And she stood beside him loading his guns. He soon fell mortally wounded. She seized his gun and fired, but was struck by a bullet, and her son also was wounded. Bezuidenhout died in a few hours, and the wife and son were made prisoners.

Thirty-six persons in all were arrested for this rising, and were tried on the 16th of December—a day which became celebrated in the later history of South Africa, being observed in the Dutch republics as a public holiday, under the title of Dingaan's Day, because on that day in 1838 the great Zulu army of Dingaan was conquered by the Boers at Blood River. The same day is also memorable as the day of the outbreak of the first war of independence.*

The prisoners all fully admitted having taken the oath. On the 23d of January, 1816, they were sentenced, six of them to death, to be hanged at Slachter's Nek, where the oath had been sworn by them; while thirty-two, after witnessing the execution of their fellows, were to undergo various punishments, ranging from banishment for life to imprisonment and fines. Martha Faber, the widow of Jan Bezuidenhout and the sister of Cornelis Faber, one of the men to be hanged, was sentenced to banishment for life from the eastern part of the Colony. Krugel's sentence was afterward changed to banishment for life, because he had taken no part in armed resistance and had done the British government great service in the Kaffir wars; but Hendrick Prinsloo, Cornelis Faber, Stefanus Bothma, Abraham Bothma and Theunis de Klerk were sentenced to death

by hanging on the 9th of March, 1816.

The sentences were within the letter of the law, but no blood had actually been shed by any one of the prisoners in their small and abortive rising. It was universally supposed that the Governor would exercise his prerogative of mercy, and commute the sentence to one of banishment. But it was not so. On the 9th of March, 1816, a scaffold was raised on the ridge of stony land uniting two mountains, at which the oath had been sworn, and which has since been known throughout South Africa as Slachter's Nek, or the Butcher's Neck. The train from Port Elizabeth to the Midlands passes this spot daily, with the Fish River flowing to the right and the neck on the left. Here were brought the five men sentenced to be hanged, and the thirty-two who were to witness it; one of them, Frans Marais, had been sentenced to be tied with a rope around his neck to the foot of the gallows while his companions were being hanged.

A great crowd of people stood about, hoping, feeling convinced even to the last moment, that a reprieve would come. Colonel Cuyler with three hundred soldiers guarded the scaffold from the people. The men asked to be allowed to sing a hymn before they mounted. Their voices were firm and clear. They appeared perfectly resigned. No reprieve came. There was a moment of awful silence in the crowd as the drop fell. But the scaffold was not strong enough to bear the weight of the bodies of the five powerful men: it broke, and the men, half strangled, were thrown to the earth. Then a wild, passionate cry rose from the people; wives, mothers, sisters and all other relatives of the condemned men cried, as they rushed toward the gallows, that God himself had intervened, and that the men were given back to them. It was not so. As soon as they had recovered consciousness, the gallows was repaired and they were forced to remount; the three hundred soldiers guarded the scaffold, and the work was redone. A deep, low murmur is said to have risen from the crowd.

The relations of the dead men asked for the bodies, but were refused; an order

* On the 15th of December, 1899, was fought the battle of Colenso. Dingaan's Day following was made by the Boers a day of public thanksgiving for the victory.

having been given that they should be buried under the gallows.* So came to an end the day of Slachter's Nek—the worst day's work for England that up to recent times had yet been done in South Africa. Certainly the Governor was perfectly within the letter of the law. Technically speaking, nations have recognized that any body of persons strong enough to

were not born under English rule; England without their consent had taken over their land nine years before—a land which they and their fathers and not the Dutch government had won from the wilderness and peopled. They were a small section of the population, and they had taken no single life in all their abortive little uprising. (It has not even been stated that the shots



GROUP OF BOER GENERALS.

gain the mastership over any strip of the earth's surface and the individuals inhabiting it, may, if for the moment these individuals oppose the will of the stronger, term them rebels, and if they shall seek to resist by force, hang them. But these men

fired by Bezuidenhout and his wife grazed any of the Hottentot soldiers!)

Had Lord Charles Somerset exercised his prerogative and extended mercy to these five men, he would have done more to consolidate the English rule in South Africa

* Some persons going to visit the grave found the hand of one of the dead men, supposed to be that of Theunis de Klerk, protruding from the earth with the finger pointing right upward. It was taken to indicate that the men had been buried alive. But there is no reason necessarily to believe this. The soldiers had probably thrown only a thin layer of earth over the bodies, which being buried immediately while still warm, the muscles had probably contracted after death and forced the hand out with the rigid finger.

than had he been able to introduce two hundred thousand men he would have been able to effect. In the lives of English soldiers alone England has probably paid at the rate of over a thousand a head for each man hanged; and if she could that day have purchased the necks of those five Boers at two millions each, they would have been cheaply bought.

It is a curious property of blood shed on the scaffold for political offenses, that it does not dry up.

Blood falling on the battle-field sinks into the earth; it may take a generation, or it may take two, or more, for it wholly to disappear, but it is marvelous how the memory of even the most bloody conflict, between equally armed foes, does, as generations pass, fade.

But blood shed on a scaffold is always fresh.

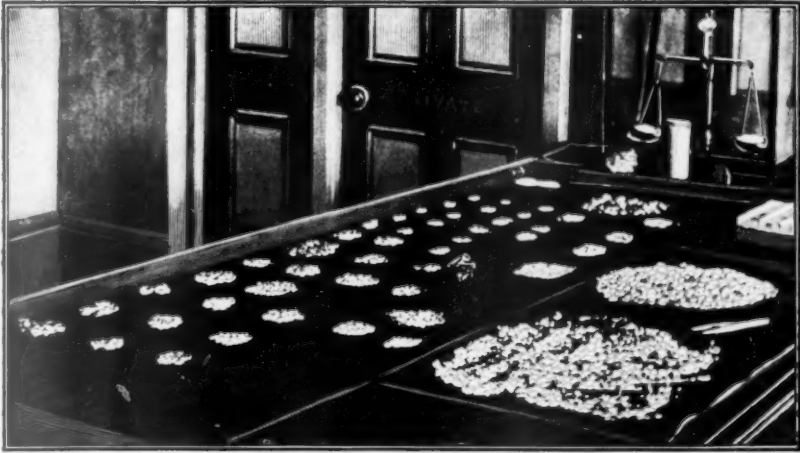
The scaffold may be taken down, the bodies buried; but in the memory of the people it glows redder and redder; with each generation it is new-shed; and it sanctifies, sacrificially, the cause it marked. It may be questioned whether anywhere in the history of nations, blood, judicially shed for political purposes, whether the actual means were rifle-bullet, ax, rope, or the slow anguish of a long imprisonment, has ever really aided the cause in which it was shed. It appears quite possible that if Charles the First had been killed in the battle-field instead of being beheaded, there might have been no Restoration in England.

The people disarmed quietly and went to their farms; but the picture of Slachter's Nek was engraved in the national heart.

After this blunder, Lord Charles Somerset remained in Africa for some years.



BOMB-PROOF SHELTER.



DIAMONDS FROM KIMBERLEY MINES.

He was at last recalled, not on the ground of his treatment of the old inhabitants, but in answer to the complaints of a few newly arrived English colonists, by whom he was charged with corruption and oppression.

Burke had promised to move for his impeachment, but his wealth and rank protected him (he was an elder brother of the Lord Raglan afterward so famous for his conduct of the Crimean war), and he died at Brighton in the year 1831.

But his work lived on, and in addition to other causes, helped to produce that intense bitterness in the hearts of South Africans which led to that important movement known in South African history as the Great Trek.

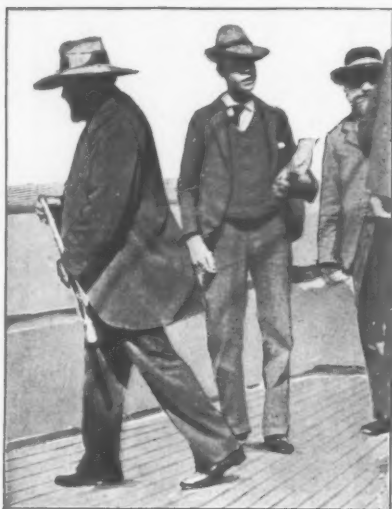
In 1828 it was finally enacted that not only was the African Taal, though the only language of almost the entire people, not to be used in law-courts, but that even petitions written in that language were no longer to be received by the English government; and a little later men speaking their native language in the land of their birth were not allowed to sit on juries unless they could speak English, a language they had no facilities for learning. Innumerable other causes worked in the same direction of embitterment of the minds of the people against English rule. Even the most generous act recorded of our English race was a cause of fresh suffering

and embitterment. In 1830 the English people, guided by its best element, voted a sum of twenty million pounds for the liberation of the slaves throughout the English colonies and possessions; and a portion of this sum it was determined to expend in buying and setting free the slaves in South Africa.

It is a curious exemplification of the absolute impossibility of guiding wisely, justly or successfully the affairs of a nation six thousand miles distant, which has again and again been exemplified in the history of South Africa, that this plan miscarried. The intention which leaves England a white-garbed bird of peace and justice, too often turns up, after its six thousand miles' passage across the ocean, a black-winged harbinger of war and death.

The intention of the English folk who voted the sum was large and generous; in reality, owing to the shameful blundering of officials and the cunning and rapacity of speculators (already the poisoners of English rule in South Africa), all went wrong. Very little of the money voted reached the hands of the people for whom it was intended. Men and women who had been in affluence before were everywhere reduced to absolute beggary; and they had the additional irritation of knowing that while they were supposed to have been generously dealt with, they had received nothing. When one remembers

Not to be taken from the room.
Student's Christian Association.



CRONJE LEAVING TABLE BAY FOR ST. HELENA
AFTER HIS SURRENDER.

that the bitterest war of this century was waged, only forty years ago, between the English-speaking folk of America, when one-half of the community endeavored to compel the other half to relinquish its slaves, it is a matter of astonishment that the slave-owners of the Colony so quietly gave up their claims, claims which till that time had been recognized by every nation on earth as wholly just and defensible.

But that which most embittered the hearts of the Colonists, was the general indifference with which they were treated by their rulers, and the consciousness that they were regarded as a subject and inferior race. It is this consciousness which to a high-spirited people forms the bitterest dreg in the cup of sorrow put to the lips of a subject people, and one which no material advantage can remove. In the eastern parts of the Colony the feeling of bitterness became so intense, that about the year 1836 large numbers of individuals determined to leave forever the Cape Colony and the homes which they had built, and to move north to the regions yet untouched by the white man, where they might form for themselves new homes, and raise an independent state. It is this movement that is known in South African history as "the Great Trek."

Under such leaders as Carel Johannes Trichard, Andries Potgieter (the man after whom the town of Potchefstroom in the Transvaal is called), Gerrit Maritz, and Piet Mauritz Retief (after whom the town of Pietermaritzburg in Natal is called), the people gathered themselves together in families, men, women and children; and selling their farms and movable property for whatever they could get, they insparaed their great ox-wagons, and, taking with them such of their flocks and herds as they could remove, left their birthland forever, and moved northward, sometimes in large bodies amounting to two hundred souls. Crossing the Orange River, which was then the boundary of the Cape Colony and beyond which the British control did not extend, they entered the country which is now the Orange Free State, and crossing the Caledon River moved northward toward what is now the Transvaal. Most of these men came from the eastern and midland districts of the Colony, and were the descendants of the men who had already resisted the rule of the Chartered Dutch East India Company and endeavored to found their own Republic in the Midlands; men in whom the self-governing republican instinct, inherited with their Dutch blood and sucked in with their mother's milk, was strong as probably in no other race on earth, unless it be the Swiss. With the exception of Piet Retief, few if any of them were from the old districts of the Western Province. Among those in Andries Potgieter's trek was one Casper Krüger, from the Colesberg district of the Colony. He took with him all his family, among them a lad, just over ten years of age, now known as President of the South African Republic.

Fully to describe the sufferings, struggles and wanderings of these people before they succeeded in founding their Republic in the Transvaal, would far exceed the limit I have set myself. But to understand the Boer of to-day and the problems of to-day we must very shortly glance at the march of the fore-trekkers.

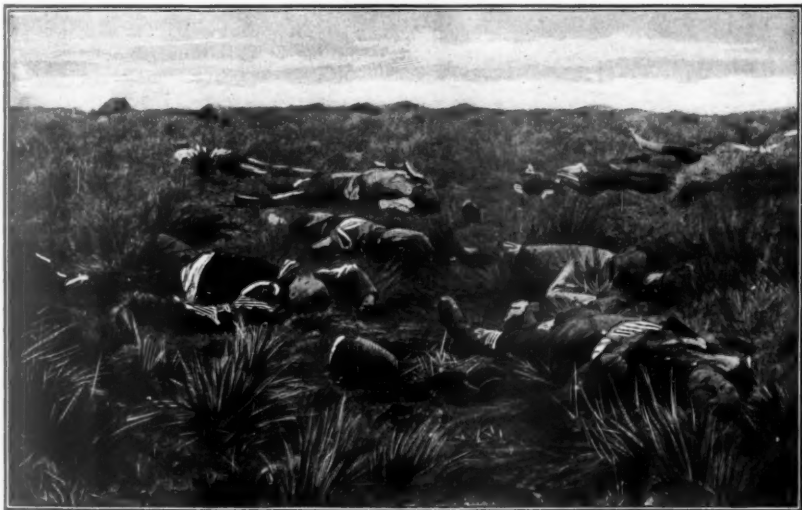
At the time of the Boer trek, the great power in central and eastern South Africa was the Zulu nation. Under their renowned chief Tchaka, one of the most remarkable military geniuses of history,

possessing to the full the vices and virtues of his type, the small Zulu tribe had become a great nation, dominating over and treading down all other native tribes and races. Killing the older men and women and absorbing the youths and maidens into his own people, as he conquered tribe after tribe, he had by his wonderful military discipline produced a vast army of warriors, before whom no native people could stand. In 1828, Tchaka was assassinated by his half-brother Dingaan, who, without sharing his genius, possessed all his faults as a ruthless destroyer of men. At the time of the Great Trek, Dingaan ruled over the Zulu nation and its dependencies in Natal and Zululand. In the Transvaal, a division of the Zulus, who had broken from Tchaka under their celebrated warrior-chief Umsiligaas, had, under the name of the Matabele, founded a great warrior-nation, molded after the ideal of Tchaka; they devastated the lands and destroyed all native tribes which resisted their power. When the first party of the fore-trekkers under Potgieter arrived in the northern districts of the Free State, the native tribes there welcomed them as a possible assistance against the inroads of the powerful Matabele. The whole country was in those days filled with game to an almost inconceivable extent; and it was mainly by

the gun that the fore-trekkers lived. In 1836 their first great conflict with the Matabele under Umsiligaas took place. The trekkers had spread themselves out in small parties with their wagons near the Vaal River. The Matabele attacked them wherever they were found in small numbers.

Near what is now known as Erasmus Drift on the Vaal River, a small party in five wagons was suddenly surrounded and several of the Boers were killed. Barend Liebenberg's little party was taken by surprise, and six men, two women and four children, with twelve native servants, were destroyed, and three white children, a boy and two girls, carried away captive. The great Matabele army then rapidly advanced to where the main body of the emigrants had encamped at a spot known as Vecht-kop, about twenty miles from the present village of Heilbron in the Free State. Paul Krüger, then a child, can still remember the preparations for their defense; and how the wagons were drawn up in a square, mimosa branches cut down and dragged to the wagons, women and children helping in the labor; and how these branches were tied together by chains to fill in the spaces between the fore and back wheels of the wagons, to prevent the Matabele from crawling up between them.

(To be concluded.)



AFTER THE BATTLE OF SPION KOP.



CORNER OF THE WALL OF PEKING.



A COURT OF JUSTICE.

CHINA AND THE POWERS.

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

IF, after the massacre of the Italians in the city of New Orleans, Italy had suddenly thrown its fleet into Boston harbor and without warning attacked our forts and landed an army, we should have a case not unlike that which exists in China to-day.

A secret society suddenly appears in the streets of Peking, intimidates the government, menaces the lives of the foreigners and threatens even the overturning of the dynasty itself. While the government is surrounded by the complications which ensue, the Foreign Office makes a request to the legations to keep within the walls of their compounds as far as may be possible. The German Minister sends word that he wishes to call at the

Tsung-li-Yamen. A reply is sent begging him not to come and saying that his life will be in danger. Arrogantly persisting in his purpose, he is attacked by a band of rebels and killed. His guard of German cavalry, in blind rage, not distinguishing friend from foe, attacks the Emperor's Foreign Offices and burns the buildings.

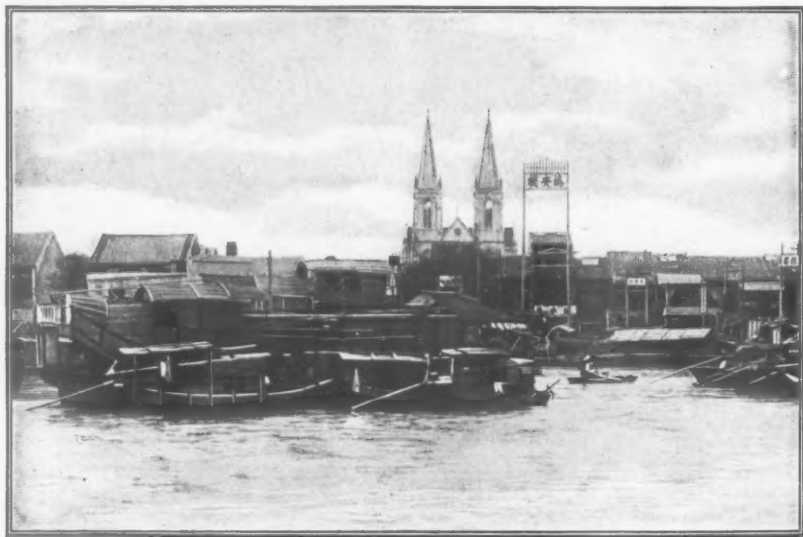
Instantly the riot and commotion within the city are increased tenfold. Even the conservative Chinese are roused from their indifference by this indignity heaped upon them by a handful of foreigners. Additional bands of the secret society gain entrance to the city, and under the leadership of an ambitious prince practically take possession. Every effort is made by the government to protect the legations.



MANDARINS ASSEMBLED AT PEKING.

Hot-headed naval commanders, without attempting to understand the difficulties under which the government is laboring, demand the surrender of China's chief coast

fortifications at Taku, and without giving the officers in command time to communicate with their superiors, begin a bombardment which results in the loss of some



ON THE PEI RIVER AT TIEN-TSIN.

thousands of lives, the most authentic information warranting the belief that, even after the surrender, the Russian troops shot down the Chinese officers tendering their swords, in absolute cold blood. We have to be thankful that a high-minded American naval officer refused to take part in these outrages.

Then during weeks came reports of the most horrible barbarities on the part of the Chinese in Peking. The Ambassadors had been seized, cut in twain, skinned alive,

and while there seemed every prospect of their reaching the coast alive, the same hot-headed judgment which had advised the attack on the Taku forts started a movement of the allied forces to Peking. At this writing the result is uncertain, with the probability strongly in favor of the Imperial Government losing such command as it has been able to exercise in Peking, and the slaughter of the Ambassadors, with all their retinues, resulting as a consequence.



WELL-BORN CHINESE AT THEIR FAVORITE GAME.

boiled in oil—no indignity was missing from the circumstantial accounts, except the outrages upon women, which were described as nameless.

Later came the information that the Embassies, after being attacked by the rioters, had been protected by the Imperial Government, food supplied to them and every effort made for their protection. While the offer was being made to send the legations under a strong guard to Tien-Tsin,

Never was there occasion for a more thoughtful consideration of a problem than that presented in China. Never in the history of the world have Foreign Offices so completely shown their inability to grasp the points involved.

The four hundred millions of people on the borders of Asiatic Russia have been for more than half a century the object of Russia's territorial ambition. Year after year she has kept in view the ultimate

possession of China. She has pushed forward her railways, her forts and her naval preparations.

The meanest student of international affairs would understand what would happen if Russia succeeded in assimilating into her empire the millions of China. A people enduring the most severe fatigues, living on a little rice and water, patient, obedient to discipline, and with an almost Turkish indifference in the presence of danger, the Chinese make

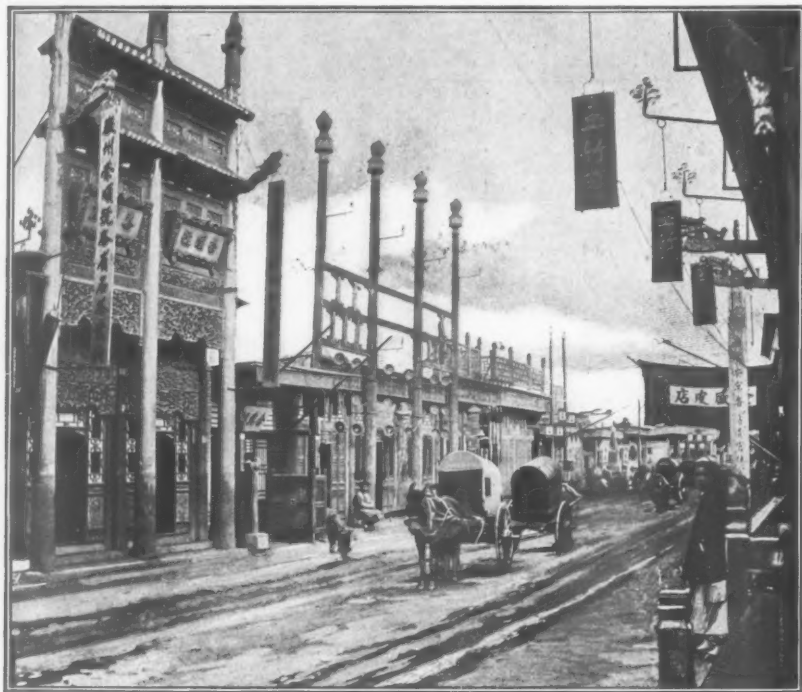
a Russian visiting me not very long ago.

"Russia wants no dismemberment of China," he replied.

"How?" I asked.

"She wants no dismemberment; she wants it all."

To any one who has made a study of Chinese affairs, the policy of the United States should be perfectly clean-cut and distinct. It is our interest to see that China remains intact. It is equally the interest of Germany, of England and France.

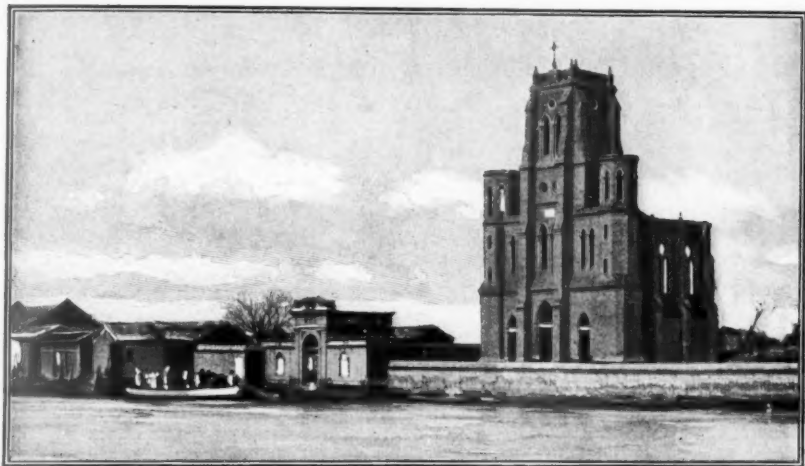


A STREET IN PEKING.

excellent private soldiers. With millions officered and equipped by Russia, the overrunning of India and Persia would be child's play. The day that Russian influences predominate in China, English influences will disappear forever from India. It is scarcely too much to say that Europe would be completely at the mercy of Russia, and that even the Americas might have cause to fear.

"If China were dismembered, what part of it would Russia want?" I asked

Nothing but a petty vanity, a lack of comprehension, of ability to see into the future, has dictated the German policy of seizing upon Chinese territory. So far from being in the interest of trade, it was bound to be destructive. The Chinese, slow to be roused, are not without a love of country and a national pride. The nation seizing upon their territory must, instead of encouraging trade relations, create a profound distrust of its policy and its merchants. Under the lead of an able



FRENCH CATHEDRAL AND MISSION AT TIEN-TSIN, AFTER MASSACRE OF 1870.

commander and determined man, it is not too much to say that China would be unconquerable. Tien-Tsin and Peking are practically coast-towns. If the Chinese chose to destroy the country behind them and retreat into the interior, military operations would become slow, difficult and dangerous. The endless millions, concentrated by a determined hand, would by

sheer weight of numbers decimate any army sent against them, until even Europe would find the task appalling.

China preserved intact—and it may be said here that its civilization is better adapted to the happiness of its people than ours, which seems to them crude and unformed—would continue a safeguard against the aggressions of the hordes of



A TYPICAL MISSION SCHOOL.



ON THE BUND AT TIEN-TSIN.

Russia. Instead of our weakening the reigning powers at this time and shouting hoarse cries for vengeance—a vengeance which must fall not on the perpetrators of the crime but largely upon men and women entirely innocent—the hands of the

existing administration should be upheld and everything done to strengthen them with their people rather than to give an opportunity for the opponents of foreign influence.

If it should come to pass that the for-



CLASS-ROOM OF A MISSION SCHOOL.



ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE GROUNDS, PEKING.

eigners now in Peking lose their lives, their murders can be placed definitely at the doors of those injudicious, thoughtless and

vengeful persons who have adopted a policy making the hope of safety almost impossible.*

*The one who thus makes the attempt to analyze this Chinese situation has not made his study merely upon the published reports. In 1868, when Mr. Anson Burlingame came to this country from China, the writer, at his suggestion, left West Point to enter the Chinese military service. He accompanied the Hon. Ross Brown, who succeeded Mr. Burlingame as Minister to Peking, and upon his arrival at that city was for three weeks the personal guest of Sir Robert Hart, and during that time had an opportunity to learn much of the motives that had guided the policy of China during the past quarter of a century. Later on he joined General Brown in command of the Imperial forces at the Treaty Temple near Tien-Tsin. One trip through what was then called the rebel country of China occupied twenty-three days. While at the Treaty Temple he almost daily met Chung How, who was his immediate military superior and the Governor-General of the Province of Chili. It was upon the latter's suggesting the replanning and rebuilding of the Taku forts that he resigned from the Imperial military service and came home. The British Minister, Sir Rutherford Alcock, gave him the support of his powerful position, and it was clearly recognized at that day that it was the interest, not only of America, but of England and the whole of Europe, to build up the Chinese Empire as a wall against Russia.



ONE OF PEKING'S MAIN THOROUGHFARES.

WHAT CHINA REALLY IS.

BY JOHN BREWSTER DANE.

THE China we know to-day is the land revealed by the Spanish and Portuguese explorers of the sixteenth century. It was in every way a new and undiscovered country, and not for nearly one hundred and fifty years was it fully recognized as the Cathay that had occupied a large share of human interest in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In the wake of the explorer came the traveler and the merchant, and Europe now heard the strange names of Peking, Hangchow and Canton for the first time, but this was not until the marvelous tales of Cathay and its cities of Cambuloc, Zayton and Cansay, of two hundred years before, had been completely forgotten. The disappearance of this great empire from the knowledge of living men is a strange and inexplicable romance of history. It is difficult to tell how this came about, but the merchant and the

missionary withdrew from the land about the time the dynasty established by Jenghiz Khan, the Mongolian conqueror, began to totter. An Egyptian darkness settled upon the country whose riches had for two centuries been duly valued in the markets of Genoa and other ports of western Europe. Islam triumphed again in central Asia where Christianity had become widely spread, and the great empire reverted to its still unradicated policy of keeping the foreigner out.

The Chinese Empire to-day has a population of not far from four hundred million souls. The country covers an area of five million square miles. The physical advantages are remarkable. A coast-line equal in length to the eastern and western shores of the United States is indented with four superb rivers that furnish facilities for inland transportation such as no

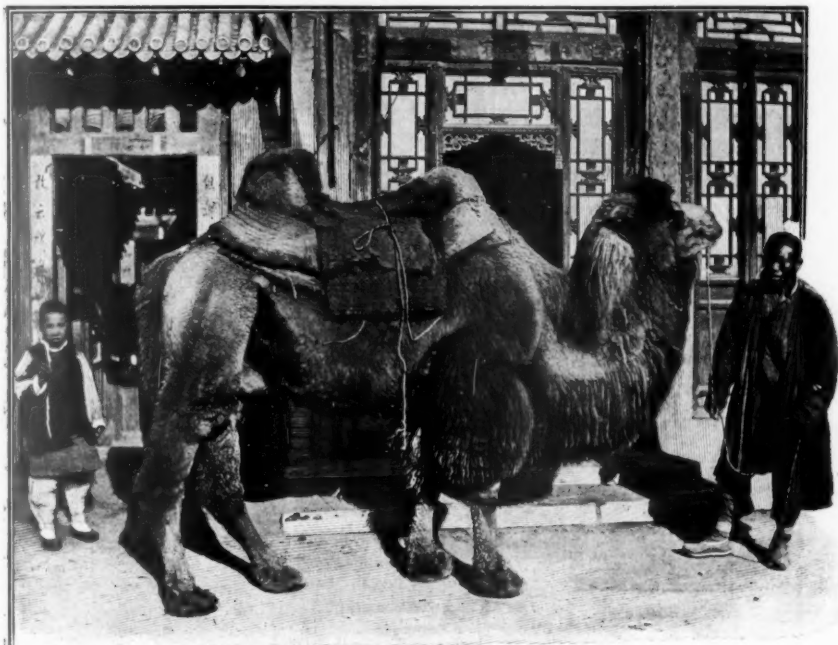
other country can enjoy. The whole of the western part of the kingdom is mountainous, and there are several ranges whose peaks extend above the snow-line, but these subside toward the central and south-eastern portions into hills which in turn lose themselves in the great delta plain that covers practically the entire northeast.

The political divisions of the empire are China proper, which contains nineteen provinces; and the dependencies of Manchuria, Mongolia and Thibet. The provinces have their own viceregal governments, but over all the Emperor rules. He is the Son of Heaven. The people are taught to believe every other ruler on earth their Emperor's vassal, and the Ambassadors of foreign powers are, in the popular mind, sent to Peking for no other reason than to acknowledge this suzerainty. The Emperor is the father of his people. He is responsible for their behavior, and their misdeeds are the result of his negligence and folly. This patriarchal conception of government has endured for twenty centuries, defying the

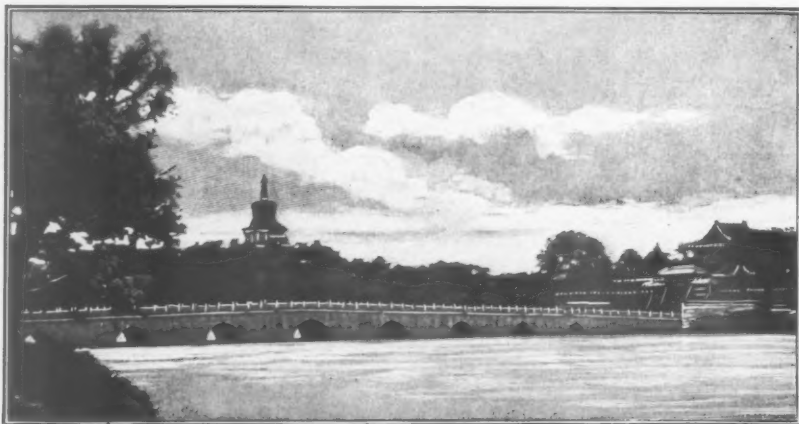
laws of progress and evolution. Dynasty after dynasty has fallen and been replaced, without disturbing one iota these fundamental ideas. They were embodied in the philosophy of Confucius, and it is only by an absolute reverence for his teachings that this remarkable persistence can be explained.

The Emperor, however, is "assisted" by his Privy Council and his Cabinet. The latter consist of learned councillors and their chief business is to present memorials to their sovereign and proclaim his will to the people. The Privy Council is a recent institution. Its members are princes of the blood. They issue the Imperial edicts which to-day so deeply interest the outside world. The Council virtually settles the affairs of the nation, and constitutes a permanent committee of ways and means.

China proper is the land that is commercially interesting to-day. Manchuria has become important within the past few years through the efforts of Russia to obtain a foothold in the empire. Receiving a right of way through the province,



CAMEL USED FOR BRINGING COAL INTO PEKING.



BRIDGE IN PALACE GROUNDS, PEKING.

Russia quickly changed the line of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and the main route to Vladivostok now practically bisects Manchuria. To build the road, a vast horde of laborers and soldiers came into the country, and there is no doubt that a million Russian peasants will soon be breeding horses and raising wheat on its fertile plains. Mongolia and Thibet are the realms of mystery and adventure.

In each of the nineteen provinces of

China a Viceroy rules, assisted by a Governor. The government throughout is well organized, and were it not for the fact that the smallness of the salaries paid the officials has led to an elaborate system of bribery and corruption, the results obtained would be excellent.

Of the great cities, Peking, the capital, is the largest. It is almost entirely the home of officials, and has no commercial importance.



INTERIOR OF A HOTEL.

Canton and Shanghai are, of course, the principal ports of foreign entry. To and from them the streams of commerce flow. The great mediums of communication in the empire to-day are those provided by nature, the splendid rivers, and to these must be added that wonderful artificial stream, nearly as old as the Great Wall of China, the Grand Canal, which connects the Yang-tse-Kiang with the Pei-Ho, bringing Peking in direct communication with the center of the empire. The boats

succeeded in building the first line, a small affair of eight miles running out of Shanghai. The government bought this property after a short time, and destroyed both roadbed and rolling stock. But the germ had been sown. Before five years a locomotive was running on a horse-tram that brought the output of a great coal-mine in northeast China to tide-water. This was the nucleus of what is now the most important railway of the empire, joining Tien-Tsin and New-Chwang.



TEMPLE OF THE FIVE HUNDRED GODS, AT CANTON.

used on these waterways are the familiar junks, more or less modified in certain localities, and countless thousands of them are always plying back and forth on the Chinese rivers. Away from the streams, the principal means of transport is the coolie, for horses are little used in China except in the extreme north.

As might be expected, with their old civilization, the Chinese did not take readily to the idea of the railway, and it was not until 1876 that foreign capital

In 1899 the Peking and Tien-Tsin road was opened, and the same year a great trunk-line from the capital to Hankow was well under construction. It would seem that the difficulties of mobilization during the Japanese war gave China the decisive lesson in her lack of progress; for half a decade after that disaster, five hundred miles of road were in operation in the empire, and three thousand more under construction or survey. Concessions on the most favor-



A MODERN SILK FACTORY.

able terms consistent with the theory of absolute Imperial ownership, were given to syndicates of American, British, German, Belgian, French and Italian capital. The Americans got a most important route, from Canton to Hankow.

At the beginning of the present year there was every indication that the sleeping empire was shaking off its lethargy, but now, after six months, there has come no uncertain note of warning that an element, large

and powerful numerically and politically, is demanding a strict adherence to the old traditions. It is nothing less than that the pall of oblivion should shut China from the rest of the world as it did the Cathay of the Middle Ages. It would even begrudge the knowledge that Ptolemy had of Sina. But this, of course, cannot be; and as a result China is doomed to be the world's stage of action for some time to come.



THE BEAUTIFUL MAN OF PINGALAP.

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE.

HE stood five feet nothing in his stocking-feet, a muscular, sandy little fellow, with a shock of red hair, a pair of watery blue eyes and a beard of a tawny, sunburned hue, the color of fried carrots. I could not see myself that he was beautiful, and might have lived with him a year and never found it out, though he assured me, with a giggle of something like embarrassment, that he was no less a person than the Beautiful Man of Pingalap. Such at least was his name among the natives, who had admired him so persistently, and talked of him so much, that even the whites had come to call him by that familiar appellation.

"You see," he said, in his whining cockney accent that no combination of letters can adequately render, "it tykes a ruddy-complected man to please them Kanakers; and if he once gains their respect and has a wy with him, sort of jolly and careless-like, there's nothing on their blooming island he can't have for the arsking."

I gathered, however, as I talked with him in the shadow of the old boathouse at Majuro in which we both lived together like a pair of tramps, that he, Henry Hinton, had not presumed to ask for much in those isles from which he had so recently arrived. Indeed, except for a camphorwood chest, a decayed valise, a monkey, a parrot, and a young lady named Bo, my friend owned no more in the world than the window-curtain pajamas in which he stood.

"It ain't much, is it," he said, with a sigh, "to show for eight long years on the Line? Sixty dollars and wot you see before you! Though the monkey is maybe worth a trifle, and a waler captain once offered me a meelodion for the bird."

"And the girl?" I asked.

"Who'd tyke her?" he replied, with a drop of his lip. "Did you ever see an uglier one in all your life?"

"What are you going to do with her?" I asked, knowing that the firm had promised him a passage to Sydney in the

"Ransom," and wondering what would become of the unfortunate Bo, for whom I could not help feeling something of a pang.

"You don't think I'm agoing to abandon that girl, do you?" he said, looking at me with truculent suspicion. "My word!" he exclaimed, "after having taught her to byke bread and regularly broke her in to all kinds of work, it ain't likely I'll leave her here to be snapped up by the first feller as comes along! The man as gets her will find himself in clover, and might lay in bed all day and never turn his hand to nothink, as I've done myself, time and time again in Pingalap, while she'd make breakfast and tend store. It would tyke several years to bring a new girl up to her mark, and then, maybe, she mightn't have it in her after all—not all of them has—and so your pains and lickings would be clean wasted."

"Lickings!" I said. "Is that the way you taught Bo?"

"I'd like to know any other," he returned. "My word! a man has to master a woman. With some you can do it with love and kindness, but with the most it's just the whip and plenty of it. That little Bo, wy, I've held her down and lashed her till my arm was sore, and there ain't a single part of me she ain't bit, one time or another. See this ear now! I thought as I was booked for hydrophobier that morning, for it swelled up awful, and I was that weak with loss of blood that wen I had laid her head open with a fancy trade lamp, I just keeled over in a dead faint. But there was never no nasty malice in Bo, and if we had a turn-up now and then, she always played to the rules and never bit a feller wen he was down. She was as quick with the pain-killer as with her teeth, and she never hurt me but what she cried her eyes out afterwards, and sometimes she'd even bring me a whip and downright ask me to whip her for her badness. My word, I'd lay it on to her then, for I could use both hands and had nothing to be afraid

Student's Christian Association,
Not to be taken from the room.

of. Of course, all that was long ago when she was half-trained like. I don't recollect having laid my hand to her since the 'Belle Brandon' went ashore on Fourteen Island Group, and that's all of two years."

Having gone so deeply into the history of Bo's subjection, the Beautiful Man could not resist showing me a proof of her docility, and whistled to her, accordingly, to come to him. This she did obediently enough, her ugly face wrinkling into smiles at the sight of him. She was a wizened little creature of an indeterminable age, with an expression midway between that of a Japanese and a monkey. Of all things in the world, her greatest pleasure was in clothes, of which she seemed to possess an inordinate quantity, for to my knowledge she made three separate toilets a day and seemed seldom to repeat the same costume. She usually wore a tight-fitting jacket embroidered with beads, with a skirt of some bright cotton, and occupied herself incessantly in remaking and adding to her stock, so that half the day her little claws were busy with needle and beads, plastering fresh bodices with Red Indian patterns, while the monkey played about her and pilfered, and the parrot screamed whole sentences of the Pingalap language.

My own business in the islands was of a purely scientific character, the San Francisco Academy of Sciences having equipped me for two years, with instructions to study the anthropological history of the natives, dip into the botany of Micronesia and do what I could in zoology. I had meant to go direct to Arorai Island, but in the uncertainties of South Sea traveling I had been landed for a spell at the head station on Majuro, from which place I had good hope of picking up another vessel before a month was out. Here I had run across the Beautiful Man, himself a bird of passage, waiting for the "Ransom"; and when I learned that Johnson, the firm's manager, meant to charge me three dollars a day for the privilege of messing at his house and seeing him get drunk every night, I was glad to chum in with Hinton and share the vast boathouse in which he camped. We slept at night on the sails of some bygone ship, and in the

daytime Bo prepared our meals over a driftwood fire while Hinton and I shot wild chickens in the scrub and searched the beach for fuel. Bo baked the most excellent bread, manufacturing her own yeast from fermented rice and sugar, which exploded periodically like a charge of dynamite. She could also make the most excellent coffee, and a sort of sugarcandy boiled down in the frying-pan, as well as griddle-cakes and waffles, using gulls' eggs in place of hens'. More than this she did not know, except how to open the can of beef or salmon which was the accompaniment of every meal.

We rose at no stated hour in the morning, the sun being our only clock, and, as we read it, a very uncertain one. Hinton and I bathed in the lagoon, where he taught me daily how to dive, with the greatest zeal and good humor, applauding my gradual improvement and roaring with laughter at my misadventures. He often spoke to me in Pingalap, forgetting for the moment his mother-tongue, and then would look sheepish for an hour afterward as though he had in some way disgraced himself. On our return to the boathouse we always found a meal awaiting us, Bo guarding it with a switch from the depredations of the monkey and parrot. After we had eaten, the Beautiful Man and I would lie against the wall and smoke our pipes while Bo washed the dishes and attended to the pets, finally retiring to get herself up in some new combination of beadwork. There was to me something touching in the sight of this forlorn little person, doing the round of a treadmill she had invented for herself, and spending the bright days in stringing her endless beads. It seemed a shame that she should be abandoned, solitary and helpless, on the shores of this inhospitable island, without a friend to turn to or a single person who spoke a word of her language; and the matter weighed on me so much that it disturbed my dreams at night, and I hoped a thousand times that I might be fated to leave the place before the Beautiful Man, and thus be spared the final tragedy. I spoke to him several times on the subject, drawing a little on my imagination as I depicted the wretchedness and degradation to which he was leaving the creature, who



Drawn by Gustave Verbeek.

"'I'D LIKE TO KNOW ANY OTHER,' HE RETURNED. 'MY WORD! A MAN HAS TO MASTER A WOMAN.'"

could not fail, circumstanced as she was, to come to a most miserable end. He always took my lectures in good part, for in fairness to the Beautiful Man I must confess he was the most good-natured person alive; he swore that he would not have dreamed of such a thing had it not been for the pressing needs of his health, which, he assured me with solemnity, was in a bad way. I never could learn the exact nature of his malady, nor persuade him into any recital of his symptoms beyond a vague reference to "that sinking feeling," though he looked as strong as a horse and as sound as an oak log. Of course, I knew well enough that this was all a cloak to palliate his conduct to Bo, whom he meant to desert in the most wanton fashion if he failed to sell her in the mean time to some passing trader. This he tried to do time and again, though he had enough decency to screen the business from my view and carry on the negotiations with as much secrecy as he could manage. But the prospective buyer invariably cried off when he saw the article for sale, however much it was decorated for the occasion, and the thing usually ended by a great debauch at the station, from which the Beautiful Man was more than once dragged away insensible by his helpmate. He even hinted to me that I might become Bo's proprietor for a merely nominal sum, seeing the intimacy that had already drawn us so close together, although when I told him straight out that I had come to the islands to study, and not to entangle myself with a native woman, he earnestly begged my pardon, saying that he wished to God he had been as well guided. But he always had a bargaining look in his eye when I praised Bo's bread, which indeed was our greatest luxury, or passed my plate for another waffle.

"You'll miss that nice bread up there," he would say. "My word, how you're going to miss it!"

By dint of repetition, this remark made a serious impression on me; so much so that I got Bo to give me some lessons in breadmaking, and even extorted from her, for a pound of beads paid in advance, the secret of her magic yeast. I was halfway through a sack of flour before it finally dawned upon me that here was an

art I was incapable of learning. Bread I could certainly make, of a peculiar stony character, but the trouble (as Hinton said) was the digesting of it afterward; and my poor waffles glued themselves obstinately to the iron like oysters on a rocky bottom, and could only be got off in shreds by means of a knife. My efforts convulsed the Beautiful Man and were the means of leading him, through his own vainglory and boastfulness, to the perpetration of a basaltic loaf of his own, the sight of which nearly doubled Bo up with laughter and caused her to giggle over her beadwork for an hour at a time. These attempts, of course, only enhanced her own reputation, and Hinton was never tired of expatiating on the lightness of her loaves and the melting quality of her cakes and waffles, with a glitter in his eye which I well knew how to interpret.

One day my long-overdue ship hove in sight, and beating her way up the lagoon, anchored close off the settlement. Captain Brandt gave me six hours to get on board, and promised me, over an introductory glass of square-face, a prosperous and speedy run to the westward. My packing caused no difficulty, for I had lived from day to day in constant expectancy of a sudden call to start; besides, in a country where pajamas are the rule, and even socks are regarded as something of a superfluity, life reduces itself to first principles and hand-baggage disappears. In ten minutes I was ready to shift my things on board, and only dallied a little longer to say good-by to my friends and take one last look at the old boathouse. My heart misgave me as I perceived poor Bo in the midst of her pets, threading beads with her usual tireless industry, while the Beautiful Man, at the other end of the shed, was trying to sell her to a newcomer off the bark.

I can only think that I was possessed by an evil genius, for without premeditation, without counting the cost or giving myself a minute in which to change my mind, I suddenly called to Hinton and asked him point-blank what he would take for Bo. He replied in the most business-like manner that he thought of asking a hundred dollars for her.

"A hundred fiddlesticks!" I exclaimed.

"I'll tell you what I will do," I went on. "I'll take her as a servant and pay her ten dollars a month."

"Oh, she don't need no money," he said. "It's a mug's game to give a Kanaker money. I never gave a Kanaker money myself but wot I regretted it."

"See here, Hinton," I said, "I am ready to take Bo as a servant and pay her ten dollars a month, and you'll be the biggest kind of a cur if you don't let her go."

"Oh, I won't stand in her blooming light," he said. "I'd sleep easier to think I had left her in a comfortable home with a perfect gentleman such as you to tyke care of her. My word, I would, and the thought of it will be a comfort to me in the privations of my humble lot; and I trust you will believe that it was in no overreaching spirit that I ventured to nyme a figger for the girl, knowing, as I do, you are not the kind to barter flesh and blood. But I put it to you as man to man, won't you spare me a few dollars as a sort of token of your good will?"

"I'll give you twenty-five dollars," I said.

"Perhaps you wouldn't care to make it fifty?" he said.

I replied that I certainly would not.

"Wot would you say to paying her six months in advance?" he inquired. "A little money in her hand might hearten her up for the parting with me."

"She'll have to hearten up without it," I said.

"Well, we'll let it go at twenty-five," said he.

"You had better try and explain the thing to her," I said, "for of course I won't take her at all if she's the least bit unwilling."

"Oh, she'll jump at it," said the Beautiful Man, startled by my tone.

But I could not see there was much jumping about her as Hinton gradually unfolded the plan for her future, for she looked at me with horror, and folded her hands convulsively together in her lap, edging nearer her cold-blooded master. When she began to sob and cry, I could bear the sight no longer and took refuge in flight, feeling myself a thoroughpaced scoundrel for my pains. It was only a sense of shame that took me back at last,

after spending the most uncomfortable hour of my life on the beach outside the shed. I found Bo sitting quietly on her chest, which had apparently been packed in hot haste by the Beautiful Man himself, and with the parrot in her lap and the monkey shivering beside her she presented the most woebegone picture of abandoned womanhood. I don't know whether Hinton had used the strap to her, or whether he had trusted, with seeming good success, to the torrents of Pingalap idiom which were still pouring from his lips; but whatever the means, the result at least had been achieved, for the little creature had been reduced to a stony docility, and except for an occasional snuffle and an indescribable choking in her throat, she made no sign of rebellion when the Beautiful Man proposed we should move her forthwith on board the ship. Between us we lifted the camphor-wood chest and set out for the pier, Bo bringing up the rear with the monkey and parrot and carrying on her head a bundle of mats such as they use in the islands by way of a bed. If I ever felt myself a fool and a brute, it was on that melancholy march to the beach, and I tingled to the soles of my feet with a sense of my own humiliation.

We put the chest in a corner of the trade-room and made a little nest for Bo on the mats she had brought with her, leaving her to tidy up the monkey with my hairbrush while the Beautiful Man and I went into the cabin in order to settle our accounts. We had no sooner taken our seats than, to my surprise, he handed me a sheet of paper, made out in all appearance like a bill, and asked with the most brazen assurance that I should kindly square it at my earliest convenience. This was what I read:—

"W. J. WEST DR TO HENRY HINTON—	
To one young woman	\$25
To one superior Congo monkey	\$ 7.50
To one choice imported parrot	\$ 4.50
One chest plain and fancy wearing apparel	\$40
7 fine new Gilbert mats	\$ 5
5 lbs assorted beads	\$ 2.50

	\$84.50"

I burst out into a fit of laughter, and without any waste of words I told the Beautiful Man that he might carry the lady ashore again, along with the superior Congo monkey and the choice imported parrot, and peddle her once more to some bigger fool than I; for I was clean sick of him, and her, and the whole business. Then, growing warm at the thought of his greed and heartlessness, I let out at him without constraint, and called him every offensive name that occurred to me, he trying to stem the tide of my indignation with "Oh, I say!" and "My word! nobody ever called me such a nyme before." Pausing, at last, from mere lack of breath, I gave him an opportunity to enter into a prolonged explanation in which he begged my pardon at every second word, expatiating with tears in his eyes on the value of the monkey, and the parrot's phenomenal knowledge of the Pingalap language. He was willing, seeing that I took the matter in such a way, to pass over the girl's clothes (about which he admitted there might be some question), and even the mats, which, as God saw him, had stood him in ten dollars Chili money, as he could indubitably prove by Captain Coffin of the "Cape Horn Pigeon," now whaling in the Arctic Seas; but as to the parrot and the monkey, he appealed to me as between man and man (whatever that might mean) to settle for them out of hand, as they were really and truly his own, and no one ought to expect to get them lumped in with the girl. I grew so sick of the fellow and his loathsome importunity that I counted out thirty-five dollars from my bag, and told him to take it or leave it, and give me a clean receipt. He took the money with the greatest good humor, and had the effrontery to shake my hand at parting with many wishes for my success and prosperity. I noticed, however, that he did not care to return to the trade-room, but sneaked off the ship without seeing Bo again, and kept well out of sight on shore until the moment of our sailing.

When I went in to pay a sort of duty call on my prisoner, I found her huddled up on the mats and to all appearance fast asleep, and was not a little disappointed to find that she had not escaped in the bustle of our departure. Now that I was

her master in good earnest, and irrevocably bound to her for better or worse, I became a prey to the most dismal misgivings and cursed the ill-judged benevolence that had led me into such a mess. As for bread, the root as it were of all my evil, the very sight of it was enough to plunge me into gloom, and when we sat down that day to lunch in the cabin, I asked as a favor to be allowed hardtack in preference.

Every few hours I carried food to Bo and tried to make the miserable little thing sit up and eat; but, except a few spoonfuls of water, she would allow nothing to pass her lips and lay limp and apathetic on the square of matting. The monkey and parrot were in better form and gobbled up whole platefuls of food, which at first I left in the hope that their mistress might prove less shy when my back was turned. Indeed, I grew to hate the very sight of the pets and decided to remove them altogether from the trade-room, where not only were they intolerably dirty in their habits, but I thought Bo would be better off without a parrot roosting in her hair and a mangy monkey cuddling to her breast. To get the parrot on deck was a comparatively simple matter, though he squawked a good deal and yelled blue murder in the Pingalap language before I at last got him safely into a chicken-coop, where I am glad to say he was well trounced for his pains by some enormous fowls with feathers down their legs. But the monkey was another matter! He was as strong as a man and the most vicious beast of a thing I ever saw; in ten steps I got as many bites, and came on deck with my pajamas streaming in the wind, he screeching like a thing possessed and clawing the air with fury. For the promise of a dollar I managed, to my incredible relief, to hand him on to old Ben, one of the sailors of the ship, who agreed to make a muzzle for the brute, and tie him up until it was ready. But as I was still panting from my exertions and wondering at the foolishness which had led me into such a scrape, I heard from behind me a kind of wail and turned to see Bo tottering out of the trade-room door. I am ashamed to say I trembled at the sight of her, for I recalled what the Beautiful Man had said of her fighting powers; I thought I should die of morti-

fication were she to attack me now. Fortunately, such was not her intention, though her face burned with reproach and indignation as she stepped past me to the hen-coop, where, with a cry, she threw open the door and clasped the parrot in her arms. Even as she did so, the trousered fowls themselves determined to make a break for liberty; for finding their door conveniently open, they tumbled out in short order; and the ship happening to dip that moment rather heavily to leeward, two of them sailed overboard and drifted forlornly in our wake. Subsequently I learned, through the medium of an invoice and a request for compensation, that they were worth no less than three dollars apiece, and had claims to a typewritten pedigree. Bo's next move was in the direction of the monkey, whom she took from Ben's unresisting hands and hugged to her breast as she unbound the line that held him; and then, having rescued both her pets, she returned dizzily to the trade-room and threw herself once more on the floor.

We were three days running down to Arorai, arriving there late in the afternoon just at the fall of dusk. On going ashore, I had the good fortune to secure a little house which happened to be lying vacant through the death of its last tenant; who, on the principle, I suppose, of letting the tree lie where it falls, had been buried within six feet of the front veranda. The following morning I moved into the place with my effects, among which I might now have included Bo herself, for she followed me into the boat like a dog and crouched submissively on the summit of my freight, shaming me by an appearance of abject resignation.

I soon got the trade-room into some sort of order for my work, unpacking my notebooks, my collector guns, my measuring, photographic, and other apparatus, as well as the big compound microscope with which I meant to perform scientific wonders and pass the whole of Micronesia,

in detail, beneath its shining lenses. Busied in these preparations, I managed for a time to forget my little captive and pass a few hours of uninterrupted pleasure. I was brought back to earth, however, by the sound of her sobbing in the next room, where I rushed in to find her lying miserably on her mats with her face turned to the wall. I made what shift I could to comfort her, talking to her as I might to a dog or a baby, with heaven knows what expressions of endearment and affection. At last, in utter despair, and at my wits' ends to know what else to do, I counted out ten dollars into her little claw and tried to make her understand that this was her first month's wages in advance. This form of consolation, if somewhat ineffective in the case of Bo herself, came in capitally for the monkey, whom I heard slinging the money through the window, one dollar at a time, to the great satisfaction of a crowd of natives outside.

All that day and all the following night



Drawn by
Gustave Verbeek.

"SITTING QUIETLY
ON HER CHEST . . .
WITH THE PARROT
IN HER LAP AND
THE MONKEY
SHIVERING BESIDE
HER."

V E R B E E K

Bo lay supinely on the mats, hardly deigning to touch more than a few morsels of the food I brought her. The next morning, on finding her still of the same mind, I ventured on a little coercion. I unpacked the flour and other stores and bade her in a rough voice to get up and set to work. This she did, in a broken-hearted sort of fashion, dripping tears into the dough and snuffling every time I looked her way. The bread was right enough when it came, though it stuck in my throat as I reflected on the price I had paid for it and wondered how I was going to stand two years of Bo's society. After a few weeks of this sort of housekeeping, I began to wish that I were dead, and the mere sight of the creature became so intolerable to me that I hated to spend an unnecessary minute within my own house. Bo seemed to care as little for my company as I did for hers, and instead of improving either in spirits or in health, or in any other way, she grew daily thinner and more woebegone, starting a sort of hacking cough which she communicated in some mysterious fashion to the monkey, so that when the one was still the other was hard at it, to the misery of my night's rest. Of course, I doctored them both from my modest medicine-chest, and got the thanks I might have expected: bites and scratches from the monkey, and from Bo that expression of hers which seemed to say, "Good heavens, haven't you tortured me enough without this!"

I found it too great a strain to persevere with the bread-making, and soon gave up all thought of turning the creature to any kind of account; for what with her tears, her cough, and her passive resistance to doing anything whatever, except to titivate the monkey with my comb and brush, and wash him with my sponge, I felt myself unable to struggle with her any longer. Besides, she really seemed threatened with a galloping consumption.

I think I could have borne up better under my misfortunes had I not been so miserably alone in the place, for with the exception of half a dozen sottish traders, and a missionary and his wife of the name of Small, there were no other whites on the island. The Smalls lived in snug missionary comfort at the other end of the bay, with

half a dozen converts to do their housework and attend to a nestful of little Smalls; and though they had parted, in the course of ten years' residence, with what one might call the active principles of Christianity, they had not entirely freed themselves of its prejudices. I know, at least, when I ventured to make a call on them I was received with the most undisguised rudeness and hostility, Small himself insinuating that I was a sort of moral-leper, who, for gold, had parted an unwilling woman from her husband and was now keeping her as a slave in my abhorred house. He gave me to understand that my soul was condemned to perdition, and the mortal part of me liable to imprisonment for a term of years on the next visit of a man-of-war. On my attempting to make my position a little clearer, the reverend gentleman began to take such an offensive tone that it was all I could do to keep from kicking him down his own front steps and making him in good earnest the martyr he pretended to be in his reports home. With the traders of Arorai I fared even worse, for discreditable reports about me had become so well established that I was the butt of constant jokes and innuendoes, and exposed as well to a friendliness that was more offensive to me than the missionary's actual ill will. It was spread about the beach, and carried thence, I suppose, to every corner of the group, that Bo was a half-white of exquisite beauty for whose possession I had paid her husband a sum that staggered the imagination, and who was now taking the time-honored revenge of womanhood by dying of a broken heart.

I don't know whether there was in the whole Pacific a man more depressed, more absolutely mortified and crushed, than I was during the course of those memorable days on Arorai. Had it not been for the shame of the thing, I believe I should have sailed away on the first ship that offered, whatever the port to which bound, and broken my chains at any hazard. But, to do me justice, I was incapable of treating any woman so ill, particularly a creature as sick and friendless as Bo, for whose well-being I felt myself in every way answerable.

The happiest moment of my life was probably the arrival of the schooner "Fleur

de Lys," which seemed to solve some of my perplexities by giving me the chance of a passage to Majuro. With feverish energy I began to calculate the course of the "Ransom," the bark in which the Beautiful Man had been promised his passage to Sydney; and it appeared that with any kind of luck I might, by taking the "Fleur de Lys," intercept her by a good three days.

Of course, a sailing-ship is not a steamer, and a favorable slant might bring the bark in a week before me, or delay her for an indefinite period beyond the time of my reaching Majuro; but the opportunity was one that I could not afford to lose, and I accordingly at once closed a bargain with the schooner's captain, Leonard.

When I explained the matter to Bo in the sign-language—our only means of communication—she became instantly galvanized into a new creature and ate a two-pound can of beef on the strength of the good news. In ten minutes she was ready to start, and though she still looked pretty sick, I could not

help noticing the immediate improvement in her condition and a sort of puppy-like gaiety that in itself spoke volumes.

I never grudged a penny of the sum that it cost me to leave Arorai, for all I was stuck for three months' rent by the cormorant that said he owned my

house, not to speak of the unconscionable price Leonard charged me for my passage up to windward. But what was mere money in comparison with the liberty I saw before me—a life of blissful independence in which there should be no Bo, no ambiguities, no sleepless nights and mortifying days? I trod the schooner's deck with a light step, and I think Bo and I began to understand one another for the first time, for she even smiled at me occa-



Drawn by Gustave Verbeck.

"ONE DOLLAR AT A TIME, TO THE GREAT SATISFACTION OF A CROWD OF NATIVES OUTSIDE."

sionally and insisted on my accepting a present of a beadwork necktie which she had been embroidering for the monkey. If there were a worm in the bud, a canker in my new-found happiness, it was the thought that the Beautiful Man might have slipped away before me; and I never

gazed over our foaming bows but I wondered whether the "Ransom" was not as briskly plowing her way to Sydney, leaving me to fresh disasters and fresh humiliation at Majuro. But it was impossible to be long despondent in that pleasant air, with our little vessel heeling over to the trades and the water gurgling musically beneath her keel, while the sails hummed aloud with our steady progress and bellied out like sheets of steel. Indeed, I felt my heart grow lighter with every stroke of the bell, with every twist of the patent log that spun behind us; and each day when our course was pricked off on the chart, I felt a sense of renewed elation as the crosses grew toward Majuro and farther from that nightmare island I had so lately quitted. Nor was Bo a whit behind me in cheerfulness, for she livened up in the most wonderful manner, playing checkers with the captain, exercising her pets on the open deck, and romping indecorously with the ship's boy to the scandal of discipline and all quarterdeck regulations.

By the time we had raised the white beaches of our port, the whole ship's company, from the captain to the cook, were in the secret of our race and as eager as I myself to forestall the "Ransom" in the lagoon. When we at length entered the passage and opened out the head station beyond, there went up a regular cheer as we saw our quest at anchor, and everybody shook hands with Bo and me and wished us a merry parting. In half an hour we were alongside the bark and moored within a pistol-shot of her quarter; and amongst the faces that lined up to stare at us from her decks I had the satisfaction of recognizing my friend Hinton in a new suit of pajamas. On perceiving us, he waved his hand in the jauntiest way, and replied to Bo's shrieks of affection by some words in Pingalap which so completely sobered the little person that she forthwith burst into tears. She was still crying when we bundled her into the boat, bag and baggage, monkey, parrot and camphorwood chest; and pulling over to the "Ransom" we deposited her, with all her possessions, on the bark's disordered quarterdeck. The Beautiful Man sauntered up to us with an appearance of the greatest indifference, and taking the pipe from his

mouth, he had the effrontery to ask me if I, too, were bound for Sydney.

Resisting an almost ungovernable impulse to kick him, I controlled myself sufficiently to say that I had at present no such intention, informing him at the same time that I now washed my hands of Bo, whom I had the satisfaction of returning to him.

"My word!" he said. "You don't think I'm going to tyke her, do you? Because I'll tell you flat out, I won't."

"That's your lookout," I said, moving off.

"Oh, I sy!" he cried, in a sort of consternation, attempting as he spoke to lay a detaining hand on my coat-sleeve. But I shook him off, and when he again caught on to me, I turned suddenly and doubled up my fists.

"Let me go!" I said.

"Oh, I sy!" he faltered, and allowed me to descend to my boat in peace.

Most of the afternoon I spent in the schooner's cabin, covertly watching poor Bo from a convenient porthole. For hours she remained where I had left her on the quarterdeck, seated lonesomely on her chest with the pets in her lap. As for the Beautiful Man, he, like myself, had promptly disappeared from view and was doubtless himself watching the situation from some secure hiding-hole of his own. Bo was again and again accosted by the officers of the ship, who alternately cajoled and threatened her in their efforts to get her off, or even to move her forward out of the way. But nothing was really achieved (except a few well-placed bites by the monkey) until the hour of five, when the captain came off from the station and found his way blocked by this unexpected passenger. He seemed less at a loss than any one, for I have an idea he had heard the story ashore and learned all about Bo from Johnson, the manager. At any rate, he called for the Beautiful Man, who was raised from below with the greatest difficulty through the efforts of half a dozen different searchers. I was too far off, of course, to hear one word of the conversation that passed between them, but the pantomime on either side was as plain as print, the captain fuming and throwing out his chest, while Hinton made

cringing explanations, pointing frequently toward my schooner. As for Bo, she sat tight on her chest like a graven image. The end of it was that she was forcibly removed from the ship and put into one of the "Ransom's" boats, my captain calling up all hands to resist boarders for fear she might be dumped again on us. But we were in no such danger. The poor thing was landed on the beach, and night closed on her still roosting on the top of her chest. Very much alarmed, I began now to have the worst fears as to the final outcome of the matter; more especially as spies brought me word that the Beautiful Man was lounging serenely about the bark's decks, smoking a cigar and apparently in the best of spirits. I felt that I could have no peace so long as he was afloat and she ashore, and it made me more than uneasy to see the bark's loosened sails and everything ready on board of her for immediate departure. My captain, however, got word that she was not to sail until the morrow noon, and with this slight respite I was obliged to be content, though I passed a most miserable night and rose at dawn the next day unrefreshed and desperate.

The first thing I perceived, as I went on deck for my cup of morning coffee, was poor Bo still planted on the beach, where, as far as I could see, she must have spent the entire night, sitting with unshaken determination on the camphorwood chest. Bent on a fresh scheme to save the situation, I took the schooner's dinghy and pulled over to the "Ransom." Almost the first person I ran across on board was the Beautiful Man himself, who hailed me with an appearance of good humor and asked me nonchalantly what had brought me on board so early.

"To get you put off this ship," I replied. "When the captain's heard my side of the story I don't think you need count much on seeing Sydney, Mr. Beautiful Man!"

"Wy, wot have you got against me?" he asked, with a show of extreme astonishment.

I pointed to the melancholy specter on the beach.

"Wot of it?" he said. "She ain't mine; she's yours. You went and

bought her, and I don't mind telling you I think you treat her damn bad."

"Just you wait till I see the captain," I said.

"A fat lot he'll care," said Hinton. "The fack is, as between man and man, I don't mind telling you he'd shake me if he dared, the old hunks, but I've got an order for my passage from the owner which can't be gainsaid by nobody. My word! I thought he was going to bounce me off last night, for he was tearing up and down here like a Royal Bengal tiger giving me what he called a piece of his mind. A dirty low mind it was too, and I don't care who hears me say it. But I stood up to him, I did. 'Here's the order,' says I; 'maybe you'll tell me whether it's good, or whether it's rotten,' I said. 'Put me ashore if you dare,' I said."

At this moment the captain came on deck. He gave me a stiff nod in reply to my salutation, and marched past the Beautiful Man as though he were invisible, or merely a part of the ship's fittings.

"That's a nice sight, Captain," I said, pointing in the direction of Bo.

He gave a sort of snort, muttering something under his breath.

"Is his order good?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "His order is good."

"See here, Hinton," I said, "would you care to sell it?"

"Wy, wot are you driving at?" he said.

"I'll tell you," I replied. "If you'll go back to Bo and promise to take her home to her own island, and leave her among her own people, I will buy your order myself."

"I don't know as I'd care to sell," he said, "leastwys at any figger you would care to nyme."

"What would you care to nyme?" I repeated, in involuntary mimicry of his whining cockney drawl.

"Two hundred dollars," said he.

"And when I have paid the money," I said, "and turned my back on you for good and all, how shall I be certain that you won't desert her here in Majuro?"

"The word of a Hinton," he said. "I don't know as you can arsk for more than that; leastwys it's all you're likely to get."

"That's the worst of it," I remarked.

"Oh, come off," he said. "Wy blyme me wen you're just as much blyming yourself? Who's abandoning her now, I'd like to know? Wot do you call that, anywy?" he went on, indicating Bo in the middle distance.

"If you are not more careful, I'll punch your head," I said.

"Don't mind me, sir," broke in the captain, turning an enormous back on us and affecting to study the trade-wind sky.

"You mix me up," said the Beautiful Man. "I'm blessed if I know wether you're talking business or talking fight; you mix me all up, you do, and it sort of makes my head go round till I wonder wot you're driving at."

"You know the terms," I said. "I will pay you two hundred dollars for your order, and you are to carry the girl back to her friends."

"I'll tyke you," said Hinton. "Done at two hundred."

Unbuckling the money-belt I wore round my waist, I called up the captain to witness the proceedings, and counted out two hundred dollars in greenbacks. Without a word the Beautiful Man resigned his order into my hands and tied up my notes in the corner of a dirty handkerchief, looking at me the while with something almost like compunction.

"Would you mind accepting this red pearl?" he said, producing a trumpery pill of a thing that was worth perhaps a dollar. "You might value it for the syke of Henery Hinton."

I was rather disarmed by this gift and accepted it with a smile, putting in another good word for Bo.

"Might I ask what you are meaning to do now?" demanded the captain, addressing Hinton with ferocious politeness.

"Wy, I was just thinking of stying to breakfast," quavered the little man, "and then toddle ashore to my happy home."

"Get off my ship," roared the captain. "Get off my ship, you red-headed beachcomber and pirate! Get off before you are kicked off, you swine, you Beautiful Man, you!" and with that he raised a foot the size of a coal-scuttle and made a movement as though to expedite Henry's departure. The Beautiful Man bolted like a rab-

bit for the rail, and before we could hardly realize his intention we saw him shoot overboard into the lagoon. He rose, blowing and swearing, to the surface, and amid our shouts of laughter informed the captain that he would hold him responsible for his bag, which, it seemed, was still on board the ship.

"Your bag!" cried the captain, yelling down the open skylight to the steward below, who was busy setting the table for breakfast. "Bring up the beachcomber's bag."

The boy promptly appeared with a sort of small valise of faded blue cloth, so old and dilapidated that it was patched with canvas in a dozen places, and wound round and round with fathoms of native sinnet. The captain lifted it high in his arms and aiming at the Beautiful Man's head, let it fly straight at him. It just missed Hinton by an inch, splashing water all over him as he grabbed it in his arms before it could sink below. Turning over on his back and settling the thing on his breast, like the body of a drowning person, he set off unconcernedly for the shore. In this fashion we saw him strike the beach and rise at last, valise in hand, not a dozen feet from where Bo was still sitting on her box. We were, unfortunately, at too great a distance to watch their faces or to observe at all narrowly the greeting that passed between them; but the meeting was apparently not unfriendly, and we had the satisfaction of seeing them move off together toward the boathouse, carrying the chest and valise between them, as though to resume housekeeping in the old place.

I spent the rest of the morning writing letters to go by the "Ransom," which weighed anchor at noon, homeward bound. I had no heart to go ashore again that day, for the Bo business stuck in my throat, and the loss of so much money as well as time made me feel seriously crippled in the plans I had laid out for myself. I was undecided, besides, whether to remain at Majuro and wait for another ship west, or stay by the schooner on her cruise through the Kingsmill Group. On talking over the matter with my captain, I found him eager to keep me at any price I would give, for he had taken a genuine liking to my company and as much as offered to



Drawn by Gustave Verbeek.

"I . . . TORE OUT WHOLE HANDFULS OF RED HAIR AND RED WHISKER."

carry me as his guest if I would meet him halfway on some of the mess expenses. Accordingly we patched up the matter to our mutual satisfaction and arranged to sail the next day at ten o'clock.

Shortly before this hour, remembering some tide-gages I had set on the weather side of the island, I snatched an opportunity of seeing them on the eve of the schooner's sailing. It seemed, however, that I had neglected the matter too long, for I could not find one of my marks, though I searched up and down the beach for twenty minutes. As I was returning in a leisurely way back across the island, whom should I meet but the Beautiful Man himself, carrying some kind of fish-trap in his hand. I meant to walk stiffly past him, for the very sight of the creature now turned my teeth on edge, had he not stopped me in the path with what he called a message from Her.

"My word!" he said. "That girl's regular gone on you, she is. Last night when I showed her the two hundred dollars and explained as how I got it off you, she was that put out I could hear her teeth snap in her head, like that, and I thought

she was going to bite me while I was looking for a club in the dark. She wants me to tell you she has a little present for you before you go, one of them pearl-shell bonito hooks, and a string of the last monkey's teeth; and she asked me to say that she hoped you wouldn't forget her."

"I won't forget her," I replied, "nor you either, you little devil."

"Devil!" he said. "Devil!"

"Yes, devil!" I cried, and then almost before I knew what I was doing I had the creature by the throat and was pounding his back with all my force against a tree. I was twice his size and twice his strength, and I went for him regardless of all the decencies and all the rules, in the primeval manner of our hairy ancestors. I shook him, I kicked him, I slapped him in the face and tore out whole handfuls of red hair and red whisker; and when at last I had him lying limp in the path, bleating aloud for mercy, I beat him for ten whole minutes with a cocoanut branch. He was still on the ground when I left him, meaning, I think, to play off that old game of pretending to be too weak to move, in

order to work on my fears and pave the way for financial consolation. I did turn him over twice or thrice to convince myself that none of his bones was broken, and then passed on, heartlessly whistling, while he rent the air behind me with his groans.

As I was hurrying back to the beach, I saw the schooner getting under way and heard the boat's crew calling to me to lose no time. I broke into a run and was almost at the water's edge, when I suddenly heard some one panting behind me. Turning round, I found myself face to face with Bo, who was holding out something in her hand and crying to me excitedly in Pingalap. I took her little present, which was untidily done up in a piece of old cotton, and squeezed her little claw in mine.

"Good-by, Bo," I said. "Many thanks for the pearl-shell fish-hook! I shall value it immensely, and keep it always in memory of our travels together."

On my way out to the schooner, however, I began to have my doubts whether it was a pearl-shell hook after all, for it seemed to grow heavier and heavier in my pocket and my fingers outlined something that was strangely like coin. Feeling loath to determine the matter before the men, who must have watched the whole transaction from the boat, I kept down my curiosity until I was safe on board and able to gratify it in a more convenient place. Then, as the captain and I were watching the extraordinary antics of the Beautiful Man, who had rushed down to the beach and could be seen shaking his fist at our swiftly moving vessel, I drew out the little package and cut it open with my knife. Inside of it was a beadwork bag, and inside of that again were thirty-five dollars in gold and two hundred in greenbacks!

It was Bo's restitution.



Drawn by Gustave Verbeck.

THE OVERTURE.

BY CHARLES EDWARD THOMAS.

OLD memories and the whispering ghosts
Of dear, dead days when Love was young—
And then the lispings of an April rain,
That steals across the meadows, and the song
Of one glad robin in the evening light,
Singing as though his heart must break for joy—
And after these, a merrier strain,
Light laughter, borne across the years,
Of children that I knew, at play
Within a garden long ago.
But more than all, and far above and through it all,
I heard the voice of one I love,
Faint, falling down to earth and me
Through some far, golden rift in paradise.

PORTRAIT-PAINTING,

AND SOME EARLY ENGLISH PAINTERS.

BY FRANK FOWLER.

THERE is a form of art in the practice of which the painter has not been duly credited with the faculty of creative power; and even now the public is perhaps somewhat hazy in regard to the relative position of the portrait-painter in the group of the world's great artists. This is owing in part probably to the fact that in the production of a portrait the painter is dependent on the presence of the subject, and to paint with the vision before one is commonly regarded as demanding less creative effort than to develop a theme with the "mind's eye," or through the imagination. I think, however, that in its modern methods, in the all-round equipment which goes to make up a master of present portrait art, the portrait-painter of to-day is held in higher estimation than he was in the past. And it is by these standards that the earlier masters in this art are beginning to be measured. What are the qualities, then, mental and technical, that a portrait-painter must possess? The ability to seize a likeness is not all, surely! We of recent times have a mechanical process by which this is secured—photography will fix unmistakably the personal identity of any sitter. This, the old masters had not, but without it they have left works of great interest and value.

It is an interesting fact that the art which in England received earliest encouragement and in which the English earliest excelled, was that of portraiture. England builded better than she knew when she began, in the time of Henry VIII., to call foreign painters of the first order to her court. And so it went on from Henry to George I. Holbein, Sir Anthony More, Rubens, Van Dyke, Janssens, Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller were, at the command of royal patrons, enriching England by their art. Holbein strongly leads the way, and it would be a fortunate thing for any country making history to possess within its borders a genius who by the magic of his brush could perpetuate the presence and fix for posterity in endur-



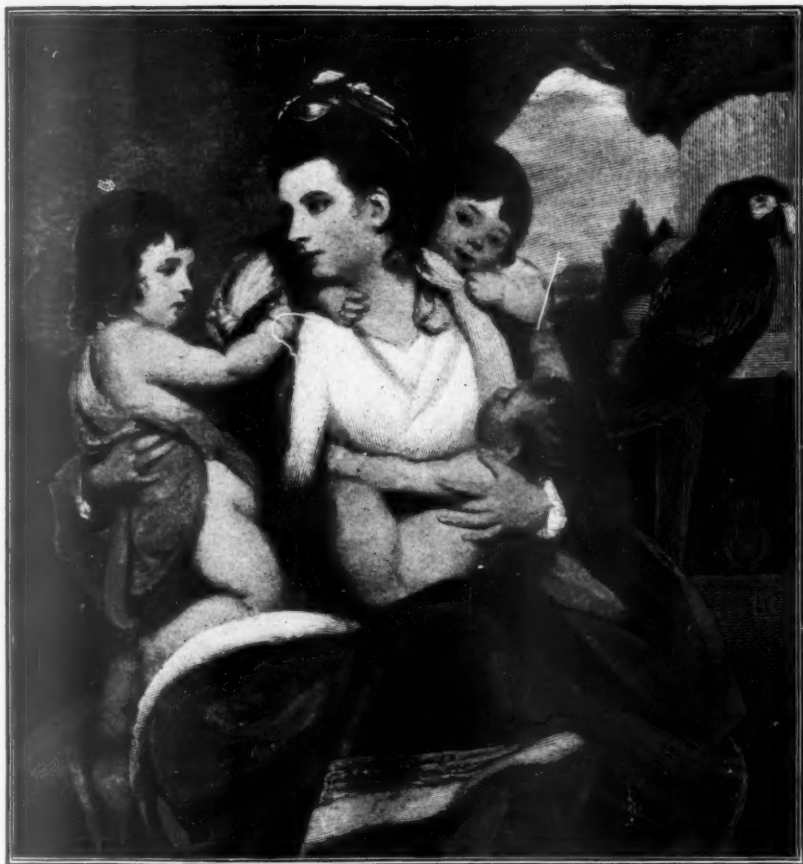
GAINSBOROUGH: "THE HON. MRS. GRAHAM."

ing traits and colors the characters of those who were taking part in the making of the state. This Holbein did, and through his incomparable portraits the men who surrounded the second Tudor are vivid personalities to-day. Thus no review of the rise of portrait-painting in England would be reasonable that did not duly emphasize the source, which was mainly Flemish and Dutch.

The whole subject of portrait-painting—its science and the call for its practice—is eminently humane and civilized. Charles Blanc has said: "If works of art are to be measured by the degree of intellect they demand, the perfection of the portrait is the last word of painting." This is civilized! And the desire that a human being should be thus perpetuated springs often from the nobler sentiments of the heart—this is humane. We will inquire a little into the conditions which tended, in England, to foster so happily the faculties and talents of the painter of portraits. Whether on the part of the English it is the sense of "noblesse oblige," or what it may be, the fact remains that to-day few countries in the world possess such treasures of the art of portraiture.

The desire of Englishmen to preserve the lineaments of distinguished persons for the satisfaction and pleasure of their descendants seems almost inherent; and the galleries of ancestors which this custom has left to representatives of noble stock to-day furnish an impressive accessory to hereditary grandeur. And so it happens that as long as England has had any art to speak of, the portrait-painter has flourished there. Not only great men and fair women were subjects of his pencil, but epoch-making moments of state, coronations, pageants, marriages, baptisms, funerals even—whatever was worthy of such commemoration it was the peculiar province of the portrait-painter to depict. Thus, it will be seen, civic pride as well as that of race has done much to promote the excellence of English portraiture. And the impetus which it so early received will seem not to have slackened if we study the names of native masters who succeeded foreign painters: Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Opie, Hoppner, Sir Henry Raeburn, Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sir William Beechey.

It is with a sincere desire that some of the problems involved in the making of a portrait may be more generally understood, that an attempt will be made to explain certain elements of composition and certain sentiments of action, which a good portrait should reveal. First, this matter of composition is as exacting in portraiture as in historical or religious painting. The moment a painter has placed a line upon a canvas of a given area with the purpose of making a picture, he has committed himself to art. Every line, every space, thereafter traced within this given dimension is so placed with reference to the size and form of the space he is to fill. Now, such pre-occupation is as important, as essential, in the matter of one figure as of several. An artist, not a painter merely, but an artist, conceives for his composition a certain pattern, so to speak, which his presentation of a given subject shall make upon the canvas. This pattern presents itself, or should present itself, to the painter as a whole; whether it be the pattern of a crowd to be depicted or of a single person, the problem of composition is the same. It must be conceived as a whole. Viewing portraiture from this standpoint of thoughtful composition, it demands the power of unerring choice as imperatively as any other form of art production; and we must add to this an intelligent observance of logical action and fitting environment suited to the character, sex and age of the individual portrayed. I have seen painted an alert and wiry man of action ensconced in a yielding, tufted and upholstered chair, entirely unsuited to the temperament of the person so presented—this is obviously wrong and unintelligent treatment. Bad taste and selection, however, go commonly hand in hand with limited technical skill, and great painters are free from such errors of judgment. It may be taken almost as an axiom, then, that faulty taste is always coexistent with puerile workmanship. And again, lofty subjects, even, cannot redeem mediocrity in painting and seeing. A very clear-headed writer on art has recently said: "Subjects, however grand in title and dignified in historical association, are valuable to the painter in proportion as they give him a pretext for making the most of what is beautiful in his own art.



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: "LADY COCKBURN AND HER CHILDREN."

No subject in itself can make or mar art; subject is indifferent except for its favorable or unfavorable effect upon the artist. Even the record of a seen thing produces a noble or ignoble effect according as it records a grand or trivial manner of using the eyesight, according as it shows a mean anxiety about details, petty circumstance and wiry pattern, or reveals sympathy with large shapes, subtle nuancing, or lovely qualities of paint. Let a bad painter call a figure by the name of what god he will, and carefully accompany it with sacred symbols, yet, if the forms are poor and ill-disposed, the figure remains a mean one, and less grand than the study of some street porter that is fuller of the mystery

of fine seeing and the emotions of a higher view of form."

It is by this "mystery of fine seeing," and the enjoyment of "a higher view of form," that the great portraitists who have lived have uttered in the perfection of the portrait "the last word of painting." Now, many of these qualities which stand for distinguished taste and thoughtful judgment were possessed by the painters who gave such brilliancy to English portraiture. Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney and others have given us canvases breathing the essence of femininity as well as of manly force. Reynolds, if perhaps less profound than Gainsborough, seems to have left the greater name—it at least has



FRANCIS COTES: "MRS. BROCAS."

survived in greater popularity. Without probably the introspective temperament of Gainsborough, he was eminently a painter who rejoiced in his work, and thought intelligently about his art. His optimistic canvases exhale the very joy of living. His

manly and vital personality seems to have, in some wholesome way, communicated itself to his sitters, for they sit or stand in the radiance of contented well-being. A canvas by Sir Joshua is a perennial pleasure, perhaps because life is perennially

fresh. His work to-day is sought by collectors, and although the color is delightful its technical perfection is not so great in other respects as to command so high a place in the estimation of the connoisseur for that alone. May it not be for that more subtle quality imparted by a sane and wholesome temperament interpreting, with

the instinct of a gentleman, the nobler qualities of another human being? Sir Joshua suited his subject to his or her environment and his Lady Maudes or his Sir Rodericks fitted well in their paternal acres or ancestral halls. The interiors in which they figure are not "made up" for them, and the parks or meadows which surround



HOPPNER: "COUNTESS OF OXFORD."

them seem their very own. This is the kind of portrayal that all great painters have employed successfully, and it is one which custom does not stale. It is the smaller painters, the lesser lights, who drag before him than was the happy Reynolds, his portraits at times having a haunting interest quite foreign to the expression of frank unreserve in the faces of those painted by his competitor and rival. We



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: "MRS. BRADDYLL."

in irrelevant accessories, which mean nothing. The instinctively right canvases are among the noble pages of portraiture.

Gainsborough appears to have been more profoundly moved by the human problem

must, in looking at the canvases of Gainsborough, be impressed with the fact of a deep nature striving, and not always successfully, to interpret more than the visual surfaces of the person before him.



GAINSBOROUGH: "MRS. SHERIDAN AND MRS. TICKELL."

He seems guarded and reticent even respecting the degree of animation or intimacy of expression which he will permit his sitter to display. And this seriousness of mental attitude extends to, and influences, the tonality of the canvas—for there is in Gainsborough a great restraint in coloring, while he is master of a fine range of grays, his portraits appealing strongly to serious and thoughtful minds.

Romney's erratic personality representing the unhappiness that is sometimes the spur and the handicap of genius, appears contemporaneously with the foregoing princes of the brush; and although he was not so

materially successful as either Gainsborough or Reynolds, the canvases he has left contribute an added luster to this period of British art. His "Parson's Daughter" has become a classic commentary on English girlhood. In looking on this charming portrayal the imagination carries one beyond the confines of the canvas, and rural meadows gleam while the lark loses itself, singing, in the blue of English skies—strange, inscrutable compensation to the painter whom domesticity exasperated and family life left cold. John Hoppner, whose "Countess of Oxford" we here reproduce, was not uninfluenced by Sir Joshua.



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE: "LADY CARRINGTON."



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: "LADY AND CHILD."

He was an idealistic and charming painter of women and children—the dewy lips and liquid eyes of childhood appealed to him, and in much that he did his coloring was more unctuous and less restrained than that of his inspirer, Reynolds.

John Opie has left portraits that seem insistently personal to the sitter, and if the sitter be charming they attract by their presence; but they have little that is suave or winning of the painter's art because his own art was not beautiful. Lacking technical address, he worked laboriously, and copied precisely the model before him.

In striking contrast to the unsupple methods of Opie we find Sir Henry Raeburn, the excellent colorist and thoroughly competent craftsman, wielding his brush with perfect control and honestly establishing the planes and contour of a head in a manner most workmanlike and sound. Raeburn painted with a knowledge and surety of touch which suggested no labor and charmed without visible effort. Frankly, as light travels from forehead to chin, his brush passes over the surfaces of a head, diminishing in force as it rounds into the shadow, pausing at projections



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: "MRS. CARNAC."

that catch an emphasis of light, giving with a beautiful certainty all constructive lights and darks their logical and structural significance. It is a veritable pleasure to the connoisseur to study the admirable address of this man who among his contemporaries seems easily the consummate master of the painted head.

And now, as in all mundane things, we come to the decline of this period of British painting, although it declined in a certain splendor. Sir Thomas Lawrence, before whom kings, princes, diplomats, beauties of society, historians, and heroes, military and scientific, passed to be painted, flourished like a prince himself, and was master of a brush that was fatal in its facility. His skill was such that the very textures of things delighted him—we see no longer the spirit of the earnest Gainsborough in this man's work. The bewildering surfaces of silks and satins, with sharp lights, cool half-tints and mellow reflections merging almost imperceptibly into the satin-like texture of the lovely flesh; soft laces that melt against throat or wrist, or the rich dull roll of velvet with its broad lights and mysterious shadows—these, with the glimmer of pearls, the glint of gold, the flash of diamonds and gems, have made the painting of woman, for Sir Thomas, peculiarly attractive, and he has largely ignored the more subtle and psychic problem of deciphering the enigma itself. And indeed by artists of great technical address the opportunities of painting woman sumptuously gowned are always welcomed. With what a joy he sweeps in with his brush the texture differences of these shimmering stuffs that cling to the figure, developing the form beneath by cutting the background crisply where the light strikes, or becoming obliterated as the contour encounters the shadow. With a dexterity which comes of knowledge his facile hand follows these planes of light and shade, and a

living, breathing person stands revealed on the canvas. This brilliancy of touch is perhaps more common to-day than in Sir Thomas' time, but we have added to such dexterous accomplishment a finer sense of seeing; so that the work of certain modern painters, if facile, is true, while much of Sir Thomas' art, though skilful, seems insincere.

I have had space to speak of but one field in which these painters worked, that

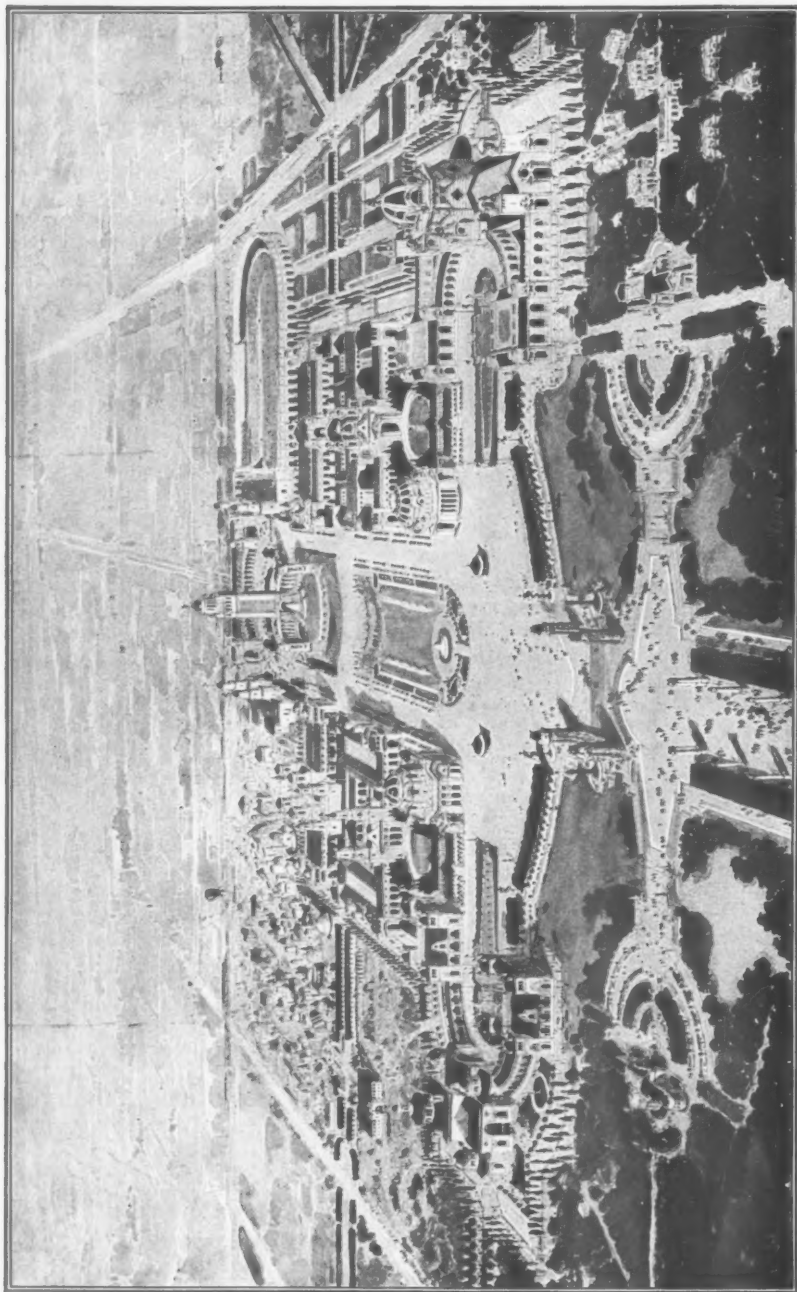
of the artist's temperament, and kindling in the beholder, as childhood does, a longing for the pristine innocence of those scanty years that seem in some strange way to unite by a few short links the pure young nature to its Maker. Neither Reynolds, Romney nor Gainsborough ever became so world-worn that he interpreted infancy and childhood with unsympathetic touch; and at this moment, when increased



ROMNEY: "THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER."

of female portraiture. These very men, however, have scored successes in depicting masculine strength, and men in all walks of life have sat to them, and been powerfully presented; while in still another field they have gathered the very flower of portraiture, namely, that of childhood. This is a theme rich enough in itself to expand at length. It has been productive of masterpieces disclosing the tenderest side

attention is being directed to portrait art, pictures of child-life by the great masters are objects of pleasurable search. For it is a fact worthy of remark that the interest in portraiture is increasing rather than diminishing, and that canvases representing people of no personal importance painted by the hand of a great man command prices as high as those depicting ideal or historical subjects.



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THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC.

BUFFALO AND HER PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

BY SAMUEL G. BLYTHE.

“AND where do you live?” asked the Traveler.

“At the corner of Lake Erie and the Niagara River,” the Buffalonian replied.

The favored man told the truth, for his house stands just opposite the place where the waters of four of the Great Lakes narrow to the swift Niagara and start on their way for their tumble at the Falls and their placid entrance to Lake Ontario.

Moreover, nearly 400,000 other Buffalonians, broadly speaking, live at the same corner in the wonderful city that spreads like a fan from the water-front, with the Tonawandas on one side, West Seneca on the other and ancient and dead Williams-ville at the villa-fringed edge.

The people of the United States have not until recently appreciated Buffalo at her full worth. That has been largely Buffalo's fault. For years and years the city went along taking gigantic commercial strides with no one to shout to the world her manifold advantages. Ten or

twelve years ago there was an awakening. A real-estate boom came and went. When it was all over, the city was prepared to march steadfast to her destiny. She is marching to that destiny now—beautiful, busy, clean, healthful and happy, a tremendous factor in the republic-sustaining commerce of the continent, with a future so bright that even the most enthusiastic citizen cannot overstate it.

Statistics are gruesome things, at the best, but there are a dozen tremendous facts about Buffalo that deserve a place here at the beginning as an indication of what the city really is. It has a population of nearly 400,000. It is the fourth shipping city in the world. It is the greatest sheep-market in the world. It has 41 grain-elevators, with a capacity of 21,000,000 bushels, and a total receipt of 191,000,000 bushels last year. It is one of the largest cattle- and horse-markets in the world. It has 223 miles of asphalt streets, or more than London, Paris, Washington

Student's Christian Association,
Not to be taken from the room,

or any other city in the world. It will have the largest breakwater, and has the longest coal-trestle, in the world. It has 3,500 manufacturing establishments of all kinds. It has an inexhaustible pure water supply, and everybody can use as much water as he pleases. It has one of the lowest death-rates in the world. Twenty-six railroads enter the city, twelve of them trunk-lines, and there are 250 passenger-trains a day. It is the distributing-point for the coal of Pennsylvania and the grain of the West and Northwest. It has more than one thousand acres of parks and twenty-one miles of park driveways.

Buffalo is a few more than one hundred years old, counting from first to present. There was a small settlement at the mouth of Buffalo Creek in 1800. The land belonged to that original land trust, the Holland Land Company. The first movement toward a town was made in 1804, when a few streets were planned and some lots staked out. The little town was known as New Amsterdam. The first movement toward its future growth was when Dr. Cyrenus Chapin came from Oneida with

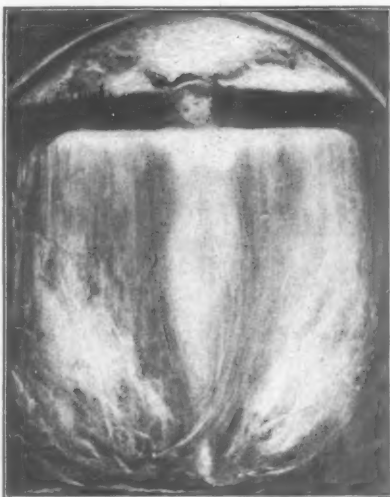
thirty-nine friends and wanted to buy the entire township. The Holland Company would not sell. Doctor Chapin and his friends decided to remain. Through their efforts, the name of the town was changed to Buffalo Creek and then to Buffalo. The town was made the county-seat of Niagara County in 1808, and some years later, when Erie County was erected, became the county-seat of that county. Rightly speaking, Buffalo has not much history until December, 1812, when it was burnt by the British. But two houses were left standing. The settlers did not despair. They rebuilt, and in 1813 incorpo-

rated their town. From that time until 1870 the city grew steadily. Its lake business always helped it, and it was the usual type of the thriving American city. In 1870 the population began to increase rapidly. The city then had 117,714 inhabitants. In 1880 the census showed 155,134 people there. The ten years between 1880 and 1890 started Buffalo on the upward path. The census in 1890 found Buffalo with 255,647 people, an increase of over 100,000. Those who have kept track of the city's growth since that time confidently expect that the present census will show approximately a population of 400,000.

With this great increase of residents has come an expansion of trade that is almost phenomenal. The situation of the city is so admirable that it is the best place for the handling of the millions of tons of coal that come out of Pennsylvania and go to the West, and the hundreds of millions of bushels of grain that come out of the West and go to the East and abroad. Commerce can be carried on upon the Great Lakes for eight, and sometimes nine, months during the

year. Ships carry coal and iron and grain and package freight cheaper than steam-railways can, and in greater bulk, and Buffalo sits at the beginning and end of navigation and collects toll both ways.

Just before 1890, when the awakening came, the city had fine streets and poor buildings. Main Street was edged by a lot of brick structures that were good in 1840, but unworthy, from a municipal viewpoint, in 1890. The attention of the outside world was on the town, however. People began to realize that there was a future there, and rushed in to buy real estate. There were a few years, culminating in



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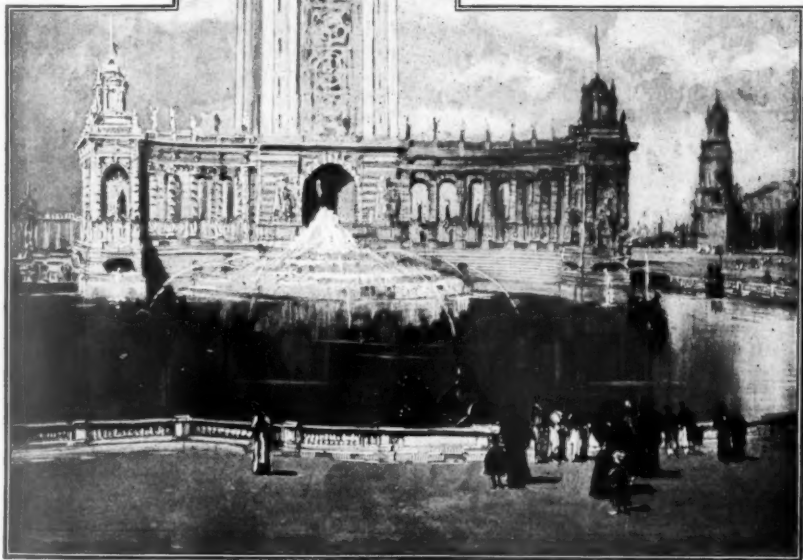
"THE SPIRIT OF NIAGARA"—
A BIT OF INTERIOR DECORATION.

1893, when the town and the surrounding country were sold and resold. The wild scenes incident to the booms in Kansas City and Wichita and other Western cities were absent, but there was just as much speculation and just as much inflation of values. Every Buffalonian who could get money became a real-estate owner. Those who could not get money became brokers or dealers. Some fortunes were made. When the boom broke, many men who could not carry their investments were forced out, but there was nothing of the panic that marked the deflation of booms in the West, and those who could hold on have

good property and their money's worth to-day.

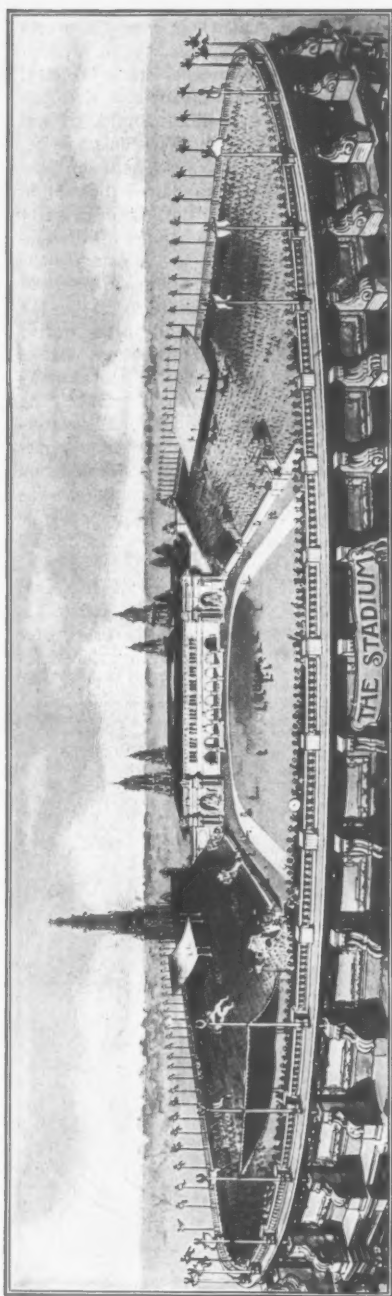
The boom brought outsiders to the city. They looked around. They saw the lack of buildings and began to build. Local capitalists came out of their shells and began to build also. There are now a score of fine new buildings in Buffalo that equal those of any city of its class. A square of tumble-down brick places gave way to the great Ellicott Square, which, in floor space, is claimed to be the largest office-building in the world. Other big buildings went up. Banks that had been huddled in hired quarters built their own homes. The hotels were improved. The street-car system was changed from horse-lines to electricity. Parks were extended. Buffalo comes into the twentieth century well prepared for her future, and well dressed for it, too.

When, after years of talk and plan and speculation, capitalists began to take seriously the matter of deriving some return for mankind and, incidentally, themselves,



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THE ELECTRICAL TOWER AND FOUNTAIN.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE STADIUM.

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from the waste water-power at Niagara Falls, Buffalo benefited immediately. It was shown to men with money that some of the water that rushed over Niagara Falls could be diverted to a tunnel and set turbine-wheels spinning. Millions were invested. The tunnel was blasted out. Enormous dynamos were installed. Niagara was harnessed. Electricity to run the machinery of a continent was on tap. Buffalo was but a score of miles away. Here was the first market. While the tunnel was in course of construction, the word went out that this city was to have the cheapest and best power the world had ever known. The proposition was ideal. The electricity was developed at Niagara Falls. It was transmitted to Buffalo. Engines could be discarded. Steam could be shut off. A dynamo would do the work and Buffalo was to be the Electric City.

Great changes come slowly. Steam is not to be ousted in a day. More perfect methods of transmission must be found. But even now, a few years after the completion of the work and with all the years to come in which every improvement can be supplied, electricity generated at Niagara Falls runs the street-cars in Buffalo, some of the shops, printing-presses and mills. The power is there and the day will come when Buffalo will be an Electric City in truth.

The town, too, is coming into its proper sphere as an iron-making center. There never has been a logical reason why Buffalo, situated at the end of Lake Erie, should not do more than handle the ore from the ranges of Lake Superior. There have been some small furnaces in its vicinity, and one or two in the city. Now the plans are completed and the site is selected for a \$20,000,000 steel plant. Buffalo should be as large a steel-producer as Pittsburg. Indeed, it should be larger, for it has advantages that Pittsburg has not. It is in a position to get the ore first-hand. There are enthusiasts who, looking into the future, declare that this city of manifold industries will soon add to her numerous titles that of the Iron City.

Necessarily and, perhaps, a bit egotistically, the true Buffalonian divides the world into two great classes—those who

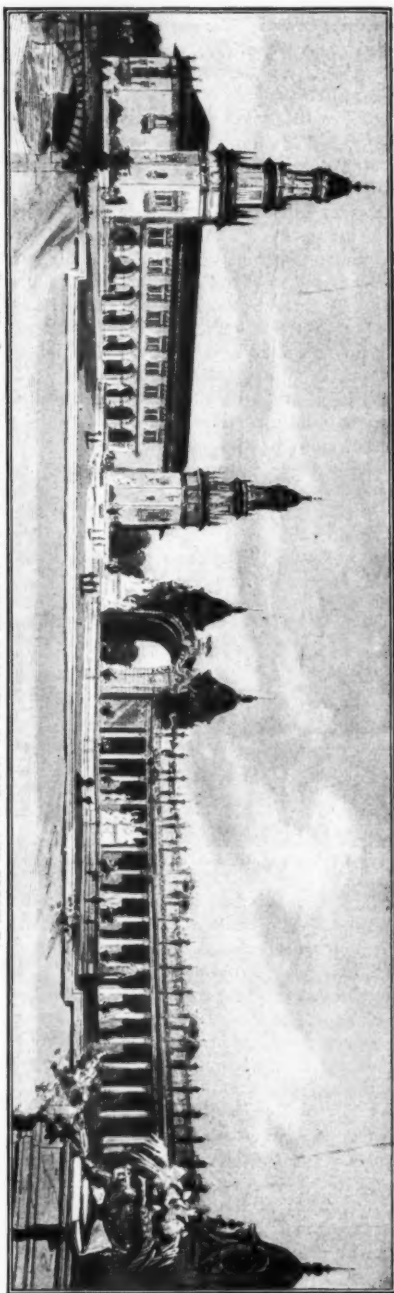
have been in Buffalo and those who have not. Following this, there must come a subdivision. Those who have been in Buffalo must be separated into the two other great classes of the millions that have gone through on the railroads without stopping and the millions who have stopped. The millions who have gone through are not to be blamed if they say, a little contemptuously perhaps: "Buffalo? Why, yes, that is such a dingy town." While the millions who have stopped are expected to shout: "Buffalo? The most beautiful city in the country."

Both are right. The car-window visitor to Buffalo who has seen not much but Exchange Street is entitled to sniff. The lower part of the town, where the miles and miles of railroad tracks crisscross through the tenement-houses, is dingy. But the residence part of the town—that is beautiful!

The city is locally separated into the West Side and the East Side. Main Street is the dividing line. This broad asphalted thoroughfare runs from the water's edge to the city line. Most of the factories, the stock-yards, the coal-trestles and the docks, are on the East Side. The workingmen live there. The West Side is the residence side.

Buffalo is a city of homes, and homes with lawns around them. There are plenty of flats and apartment-houses, but the chief glory of the city is the house, with the strip of green in front. The West Side people are Porch-dwellers, a distinctive Buffalo type. Every house has a porch, and these porches are literally the living-places in the summer-time. They eat on their porches, read on them, have parties on them and do everything but sleep on them. No need to go to a summer resort if you live in Buffalo. The temperature is nearly always low. The winds that make the inhabitants shiver in January and March blow mildly in from Lake Erie in the summer-time and temper the heat of the sun.

Socially, Buffalo is delightful. The people are hospitable and kind. They welcome outsiders, especially if the outsiders intend to become Buffalonians. There are half a dozen clubs and innumerable women's organizations. The churches



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VIEW OF THE PLAZA SHOWING ENTRANCE TO MIDWAY AND PROPLETA.

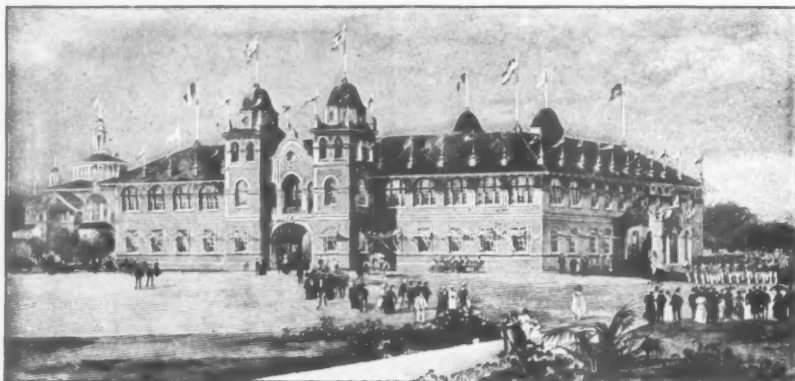
are prosperous. The town looks after its own, and provides band concerts and Fourth of July celebrations and things of that sort for everybody. The city is belted with parks, well kept and picturesque. There are a good zoo and a fine botanical garden. Lake Erie furnishes endless opportunities for water excursions. Niagara Falls is only forty minutes away by steam-cars or trolley. The Front is a charming spot on the banks of the Niagara River, next to Fort Porter, where in times of peace a regiment is stationed. There is a great free library, and will soon be a public art-gallery.

Buffalo's most interesting feature is its harbor, where a new four-mile breakwater is now building. Here thousands of lake craft come in and go out, loaded with

divided, so each great party has a chance. Almost every man is a politician. The newspapers are excellent and prosperous. The stores are handsome and well conducted.

One of the most ambitious efforts made by the city to attract attention to itself was a plan proposed by Richmond C. Hill, one of the older newspaper men of the city, shortly after the Atlanta Exposition.

Buffalo had an exhibit at Atlanta, consisting mainly of some stuffed and mounted buffaloes, charts showing the city's greatness, and literature about the place. Mr. Hill conceived the idea of an Exposition for Buffalo that should be particularly an Exposition for the Western Hemisphere. He talked the matter over with capitalists and, adopting the term Pan-American as



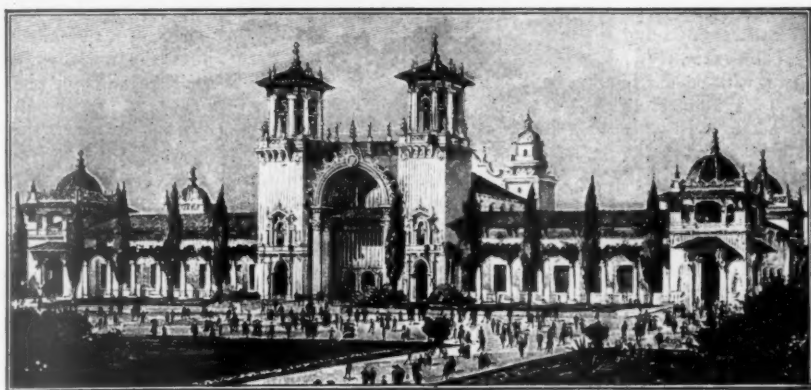
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THE SERVICE BUILDING.

freight of all kinds, with grain and lumber and ore. The banks of Buffalo Creek are lined with enormous elevators. During the season the volume of business transacted here reaches millions on millions of dollars. The facilities for transacting this business represent an investment of millions on millions more.

Buffalo has other claims to fame. It is the only city in the country that has produced two Presidents—Millard Fillmore and Grover Cleveland. Fillmore is honored now by having a hotel and an avenue named after him. There is a Cleveland Avenue, too. Two or three postmasters-general came from the city, and any number of state officers. Politics is an exciting game there. The city is about evenly

indicative of its scope, a private company was formed to exploit the proposition. It was decided to hold the Exposition on Cayuga Island, which is in the Niagara River, not far from the city of Niagara Falls. Later another company of greater scope was formed and the project was extensively advertised. Prominent men took hold. Then there was a slump. The interest lagged and the project was all but abandoned. Just at this time a dinner was arranged for the capitalists and public-spirited citizens of the city in honor of the Mayor. Eloquent speakers were present. It was pointed out that Buffalo could not afford to let the Exposition go. There was a great wave of enthusiasm. Men present subscribed large amounts. Popular stock sub-



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ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

scriptions were opened. Money came pouring in. Clerks sent in five dollars. Rich men sent in five thousand. An appropriation was secured from Congress. The New York State Legislature made an appropriation. A company was formed, and the Exposition is now under way, to open on May 1, 1901, with a working capital of \$5,800,000.

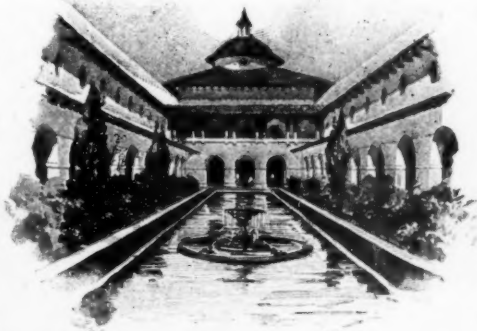
The Exposition is to be just what its name implies—Pan-American. A site that is all that can be desired, embracing a portion of Delaware Park, has been secured, and the plans of the original promoters have been expanded into a scheme that contemplates something bigger than has ever been attempted in this country, with the exception of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893.

To accommodate the exhibits, there will be twenty massive buildings, besides a score of smaller ones. It was early decided by the consulting board of architects that the buildings, instead of being classic and monumental, as were the buildings at the

World's Fair, should be treated in the Renaissance, with column and entablature used for decorative and not for architectural effect. Instead of the glaring white of Chicago, there will be color everywhere at Buffalo. The flats will be colored, and color used on color to gain the picturesque detail decided upon.

The principal buildings will be those of Manufactures and Liberal Arts, Agriculture, Machinery and Transportation, Electricity, Electric Tower, Stadium, Administration, Propylæa, Horticulture, Forestry, Graphic Arts, Temple of Music, Mines, Ethnology, and Dairy, besides the New York State Building and the three United States Buildings.

The plan of the grounds has been aptly described as resembling an inverted T. The plot is a mile long and somewhat more than half a mile wide. The buildings will be mostly on the acquired land. On entering from the park side, the first building will be the Al-bright Art Gallery, and across the North Bay of



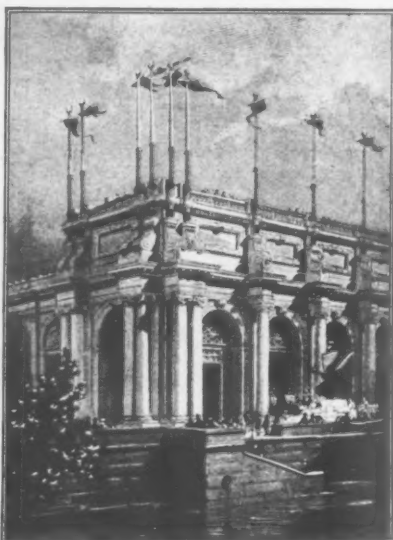
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COURTYARD OF THE MACHINERY AND TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

Student's Christian Association
at the Buffalo Pan-American Exposition

the lake the New York State Building will be situated. There will be a triumphal bridge across the lake, and a wide "approach" to the Esplanade, which will hold 250,000 people. The Esplanade is the cross line of the T. The stem extends to the Propylæa, the massive and decorative structure built to screen the railroad and trolley stations from the Exposition proper.

Ranged along this stem of the T are the buildings of the Exposition. They are grouped artistically, and not set stiffly one after another in rows. The larger buildings are of great size. All are to have red tile roofs and to be brilliantly decorated with the brightest of colors. The World's Fair was the White City. The Pan-American Exposition will be the Rainbow City. With the great band of red roofs will be combined a yellowish treatment of the outer walls. There is to be much ornamental work on every building, and numerous pinnacles, towers, minarets, and other architectural opportunities for the colorist. These will be made radiant with



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A CORNER OF THE STADIUM.

the brightest dyes. On some of the buildings the relief work will be colored and the background left plain. On others the process will be reversed.

The Exposition contemplates all the usual features of such affairs, and many unusual ones. A monster stadium will be built for sports and games. There will be a music temple. The United States will have three buildings. Several states will be represented. The exhibits from the new insular possessions of this country are expected to be

complete, and will certainly be interesting. Ample space has been reserved for "the Midway," where the weird and the wonderful from all countries will be exhibited by enterprising showmen.

Most interesting and most suggestive will be the electrical display and the electrical exhibits. Electricity has advanced with great strides since the World's Fair. The vast dynamos at Niagara Falls will give every opportunity for the demonstration of the latest discoveries and inventions, and the utilization of the current



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PERMANENT BUILDING OF THE ALBRIGHT ART-GALLERY.



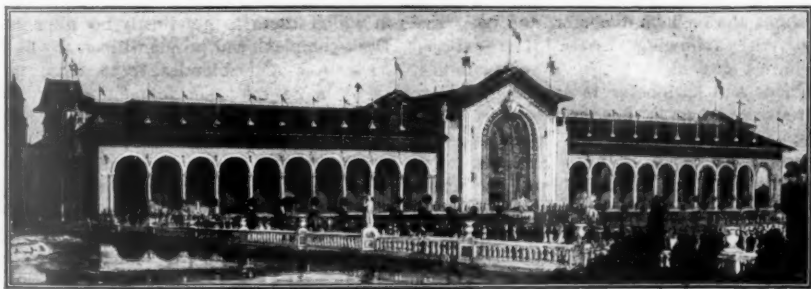
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MACHINERY AND TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

for decorative and lighting purposes. Experts have been studying the effects of electrical fountains and electrical lighting appliances of all kinds, and every portion of the grounds will be illuminated with countless lights. The lakes and canals will be brilliant, and the outlines of every building and tower picked out with little lamps.

An electrical tower, 375 feet high, will be the chief point of display. It will carry a huge symbolical figure of Electricity dominating the Exposition and the world, and there will be an enormous lighted globe of jeweled glass on which will be traced in fire the outlines of North and South America. The building to be devoted to Electricity will be one of the largest of the Exposition. The managers of the Exposition say that there will be the most wonderful display the world has ever seen, and their claim is plausible. Certainly, Buffalo has at hand the electricity, and there seems to be every dispo-

sition to utilize it in every conceivable manner to add to the beauty as well as the utility of the undertaking.

All in all, the Pan-American Exposition promises well. It has the most substantial citizens of Buffalo as its managers. John G. Milburn, one of the leading lawyers of western New York, is the president, and fifty of the leading men of the city are associated in the direction and management. William I. Buchanan, who had much to do with the World's Fair, is the Director-General. There has been nearly two years of constant work. The enterprise is well along. Enough exhibits have been promised to make it notable among this country's great expositions. It will not be so stupendous as the World's Fair, but it will be a remarkable display of the resources and products of the Western Hemisphere, put against an artistic background of lights and trees and flowers and water. It will be worthy of Buffalo. That means a great deal.



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AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

THE HUMAN EYE AND HOW TO CARE FOR IT.

By H. O. REIK, M.D., Instructor in Ophthalmology and Otology, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTE.—There is not much popular literature on the care of the eye which has the advantage at the same time of being from the most noted sources. In the series for which THE COSMOPOLITAN offered two thousand eight hundred and fifty dollars in prizes last year, this subject was included. Many able papers have been presented, and much difficulty was found in making a selection. That of Doctor Reik, of the Johns Hopkins University, was finally chosen as covering the subject most completely within the brief limits afforded by a magazine article.—EDITOR.

THE human eye has been frequently and aptly compared to the camera of the photographer. The sclerotic may be said to form the box, the cornea the point of entrance for light, the amount of which is regulated by the iris acting as a shutter. The choroid furnishes the dark lining to nature's camera, the lens refracts the rays of light and forms an inverted image of objects on the sensitized plate, which is here represented by the retina, and the sensation produced by this negative, when transmitted to the brain, is converted into a positive and we "see" the picture. The mechanism by which this is accomplished is truly wonderful. Consider the astounding adaptability of the lens which can, by the aid of the ciliary muscle, and in the normal eye without perceptible effort on our part, focus for either near or distant objects, and, also, the remarkable rapidity with which one scene follows another as the eye roves over a landscape and yet every picture is received upon the same plate. The mechanical vitascope is as slow compared with this one of nature as is the mule pack-team compared with the lightning express.

The eyeball is a nearly spherical body, about one inch in diameter, and composed of the following parts: The external fibrous coat is a tough, firm membrane, about one millimeter in thickness and so resistant that it not only preserves the shape of the eyeball but gives excellent protection to its delicate contents. The anterior fifth of this membrane, the cornea (glassy part of the eye), by a regular arrangement of the fibers and cells of which it is composed, is clear and transparent, while the remaining four-fifths, the sclerotic (white of the eye), is, through a

crossing and interlacing of similar fibers, opaque, and at its most posterior point is perforated for the entrance of the optic nerve. Just within the sclerotic, and resting upon it, is a second coat or membrane called the choroid, which carries most of the blood-vessels of the eye and contains a considerable amount of pigment so that it forms a dark lining for this optical apparatus. As this coat spreads forward toward the cornea, its character changes somewhat, muscle tissue being developed within it to form the ciliary muscle, and finally it drops behind the cornea in the nature of a delicate, incomplete curtain—the iris. Both the choroid and the iris are covered on their innermost surfaces by a layer of flat pigmented cells, and it is the varying amount of pigment in these cells, particularly of the iris, which determines the "color" of the eye. If a large amount of pigment is present, and all of the light entering the eye is absorbed, we say the iris is black, or the individual has a black eye, while if the pigment is less in amount, it will absorb less light, and hence we see brown, gray or blue eyes, and so on through varying shades of color down to the pink eye of the albino, in which there is practically no pigment. Dark-complexioned people will usually have dark eyes and blondes light ones, but there is no scientific foundation for the popular notion that dark eyes are stronger than light ones. It is rather a question of evolution, and nature has provided those who live in tropical regions with a goodly supply of pigment the better to protect them from the glaring sunlight, whereas the more temperate and cooler countries will present a larger proportion of fair eyes.

The iris does not form a complete cur-

tain, but has a round central opening through which all light must enter the eye, and which varies in size in accordance with the amount of light entering; when we are in a dark room the pupil is large, but if we pass out into the light it contracts at once.

The lens, situated just behind the pupil, is soft, transparent, elastic, and contained in a capsule suspended by a circular ligament which is attached to the ciliary muscle. In the normal eye the lens should, in a state of rest, bring to a focus on the retina parallel rays of light, that is, rays of light coming from an object twenty feet or more distant. Should we desire to look at some nearer object, we contract the ciliary muscle, the lens capsule is relaxed, and the lens substance, through its elasticity, assumes a greater convexity and thereby becomes stronger so that it is enabled to focus upon the retina the divergent rays which emanate from an object near by. A simple experiment to illustrate this action, which we call the accommodation of the eye, may be tried in this way. Look at some object across the room and while doing so pass a pencil in front of the eye; you will see the latter only indistinctly. Now, fixing your attention upon the pencil, you will see it distinctly, but the distant object, while still in view, has become hazy; it is out of focus.

As soon as the optic nerve penetrates the sclerotic and choroid, it spreads out over the latter in a thin sheet, the retina, which is of all the tissues of the body perhaps the most wonderful. It contains those highly specialized elements which enable it not only to receive the image of an object, but to convey the impression of that image, through the fibers of the optic nerve, to the brain, where its registry constitutes what we call sight. How this is accomplished is, and probably must always remain, a mystery. Professor Tyndall says: "When we endeavor to pass from the phenomena of physics to those of thought, we meet a problem which transcends any conceivable expression of the powers we now possess. We may think of the subject again and again—it eludes all intellectual presentation—we stand, at length, face to face with the incomprehensible."

The retina is not equally sensitive in all its parts to visual impressions. A small area, called the macula lutea, or yellow spot, directly in the line of vision, is the most sensitive portion, and in order to secure a clear and accurate view of any object we direct the eyes toward it in such relative positions as will allow the images to fall upon the yellow spot of each eye. The movements of the eye are controlled by a set of six muscles, four of which are so arranged that they can direct the eye upward, downward, inward or outward, and the remaining two, working in conjunction with these, give it a rotary motion. The closer the object is to the eyes, the greater must be the convergence of the two eyes, and the harmonious action of the eye-muscles is such that convergence is associated with the act of accommodation without conscious effort, and thus binocular vision, or the simultaneous use of both eyes, is maintained.

Refraction of light is the bending which its rays undergo in passing through media of different density, and, according to physical laws, rays of light passing from the air through a medium of such character and shape as the human lens are converged to a point on the other side, which point is called the focus of the lens. An eye that refracts parallel rays in this way accurately upon the retina is said to be emmetropic. Should the eyeball be flatter than normal, that is, have a shorter antero-posterior axis, the retina will be situated in front of the focal point of the lens and hence will not receive a distinct image. Such an eye is said to be hypermetropic, and clear vision is obtained by the action of the ciliary muscle, which renders the lens more convex and thus advances its focal point the proper distance. This means that even for distant vision, when the eye should be in a state of rest, almost constant muscular effort is required; the power which should be saved as a reserve force for close work is being drawn upon. When close work is attempted, the already tired muscles are compelled to put forth an extra exertion and more or less discomfort follows.

Myopia is an exactly opposite condition, that is, the eyeball is elongated, and the image is formed in front of the retina.

A clear view of distant objects is impossible and they must be brought closer to the eye, hence the commonly accepted descriptive term "near sight," or "short sight."

A third condition of faulty refraction, and an extremely common one, is that called astigmatism. This may exist alone or in combination with either hypermetropia or myopia. The simplest way to think of this is to consider it as due to a misshapen cornea. If, for instance, the cornea is not a true section of a sphere, but has a greater degree of curvature in one meridian than another, the light will be refracted unequally in these different meridians, and a blurred image results.

Last among the optical defects comes presbyopia, or "old sight," which is simply a diminution of the power to accommodate the eye for different distances. As age creeps on, the lens gradually undergoes a change, loses its elasticity, and the power to assume greater convexity fails. The most notable feature of this change is the gradual receding of the near point of vision as shown by the necessity for holding the paper or book farther from the eyes. The failing power of the lens must be supplemented by convex glasses, the strength of which must be increased from year to year.

In all of these errors of refraction there is imperfect focusing of objects on the retina, and in order to secure that perfect focusing which is essential to distinct vision, the delicate muscles of the eye are kept under more or less constant strain, and, considering their small size, it is surprising that they should be able to perform their enormous tasks with such comparative ease. Usually the first symptom which calls our attention to a refractive error is the existence of discomfort whenever close work is attempted. This may manifest itself in various ways: there may be a tired feeling about the eyes, a sense of drowsiness, heaviness of the lids, spasmodic twitching of the lid muscles, or a headache, and, if the eye-strain has been of long duration, reflex nervous disturbances of great variety and not limited to the eye; in fact, frequently the eyes are not suspected as a cause of the trouble. The most common result of eye-strain is frequent or persistent headache, and it is

probably safe to say that defective eyes are the most frequent cause of headaches.

From what has been said above concerning the causes of these refraction errors, it is evident that no amount of treatment will remove them, since we cannot change the shape of the eye to any desired form. We can, however, by means of proper glasses, bring about a condition of emmetropia. Where hypermetropia exists, a glass with convex surfaces is used to converge the light more strongly and relieve the lens and ciliary muscle of that necessity. In myopia, a concave glass is required to cause a divergence of the rays, and thus extend the focus of the lens back through the abnormally long eye to the retina. For astigmatic conditions, glasses are ground so as to have a different power of refraction for different meridians.

Do not suppose for an instant, however, that the adjustment of correcting glasses is purely a mathematical problem. The human eye is not a mathematical optical instrument and cannot be treated as such. In almost every case one must consider a number of other points of great importance, points which deal with the anatomy and physiology of the eye, the general health and muscular tone of the patient, and these can be properly appreciated only by one who possesses a thorough knowledge of medicine. The selection and prescribing of the correct glasses is just as much the practice of the art of medicine as is the choosing and prescribing of drops for an inflamed eye; not infrequently, in its far-reaching effects, it is more important. Consequently, the only competent individual to examine the eye is the physician who has given special attention to the science of ophthalmology. The newspapers, street-cars, and other advertising media, are filled with the alluring signs of the optical quack, the most attractive feature of whose advertisement is "Examination made free of charge." The thoughtful will see at once that the optician can no more afford to give something for nothing than can any other business man, and those who fall into his trap will likely discover that the advertisement is a falsehood. The optician is in no sense qualified to make the proper examination for glasses. He

has his legitimate field of labor, but it should be understood by all that there exists the same difference between the oculist and the optician as between the physician and the druggist; the latter may occasionally give relief by administering a dose of medicine but one would hardly argue from this that he is competent to prescribe, or safe to consult, for any ailment whatever. Some one of my readers may be wearing with comfort glasses selected by one of these men, or even chosen from the tray of a peddler or street vendor, but such a person has taken grave risks with the most valuable organ of the body, and a large number of the people who pursue this course suffer therefor in one way or another.

Some people object strenuously to the wearing of spectacles, especially by children, and express the fear that "if they once begin to wear them, they are afraid they can never leave them off again." To fight against the assistance which art may supply in this direction is as absurd as to refuse to eat when hungry or to sit down when tired. Why should they not be worn through life, if by their aid discomfort is removed and sight preserved, while through their lack vision is indistinct, eye-pains or headaches prevail, and the tendency is toward the destruction of the eye? It would be just as sensible for a lame man to refuse the aid of crutches—because he can never hope to walk again without.

The need for special care of the eyes begins at a very early period of life. It is the duty both of the doctor and of the nurse to watch the baby's eyes carefully during the first week of life, as one of the worst diseases to which the eye is liable is prone to make its appearance about the second or third day, and, unless very prompt medical attention is secured, may result in blindness; and, indeed, the vast majority of the blind in our public institutions can trace their loss of vision to such a source. This disease manifests itself by redness of the lids, perhaps with some swelling and a profuse secretion of pus. It is amenable to proper treatment if this is instituted promptly, but delay is extremely dangerous, even a few hours often sufficing to impair the vision seriously.

Much valuable time may be lost by following the suggestions of old-women nurses who place unbounded faith in the use of "mother's milk," "camomile tea," "tea leaves," et cetera. Such remedies are absolutely valueless in this or any other affection of the eyes, and not infrequently do much harm. In giving the necessary attention to a case of this kind, one must be very careful thoroughly to cleanse the hands after having touched the patient or any article that might have become contaminated by the secretion, for a minute particle of this secretion introduced into the eye of the adult may cause rapid loss of the eye. The same precautions should be taken concerning the handling of secretions of other parts of one's own body, and any one who is the subject of a purulent flow should carefully guard his towels, handkerchiefs, et cetera, to prevent infection of his own eyes and to avoid the possibility of others using them and contaminating themselves.

During infancy the child should be guarded against glaring lights in the house, or direct sunlight out of doors, and the growing youth should be encouraged to take part in outdoor amusements rather than devote too much time to books and small toys. The inflammatory affections of the eye are usually quickly recognized and submitted to treatment. Errors of refraction, however, are not so apt to be detected promptly during childhood, and it would seem to be the part of wisdom to have every child's eyes examined at the beginning of school life, and, where defects are found, to have other examinations from time to time thereafter. If this were universally done, it would aid greatly in the advancement of those children who start out in life with congenitally defective eyes, would secure for them proper care of the eyes and prevent the serious effects of eye-strain, and would lessen the chances of conveying these defects to future generations. We frequently meet with children who have been severely punished both at home and at school because of a pronounced dislike of study or an apparent dullness in school work with inability to keep up with their classes, when investigation shows that the children are in no way to blame but are laboring under

a handicap in the form of defective vision.

Dr. S. D. Risley, of Philadelphia, who has devoted more time and attention than any one else in this country to a consideration of the influence of school work upon the eyes, and who has recently published a most comprehensive paper on School Hygiene, says: "It is highly important that every child seeking to enter the schools should be subjected to a systematic examination as to the state of their vision, and where this is found defective the parents should be notified and advised of the probable harm which will result from the school work if professional advice is not secured. The skilful correction of the errors of refraction in our children's eyes by glasses would go far to arrest the acquisition of near-sight and its attending pathological conditions, and in most cases would prevent also the discomfort which precedes and accompanies the increase of refraction. The following suggestions should be borne in mind as important: (a) Sufficient light, properly admitted to the schoolroom, should be regarded as a fundamental requirement in schoolhouse architecture. The light should be admitted from the left side of the pupils, and the ratio of window surface to floor surface should never fall below one to five, and this should be exceeded in many localities, on the north side of buildings and on the ground floors. (b) The desks and seats should be of such a pattern as will permit independent adjustment as to height and size to meet the requirements of individual pupils and to insure upright sitting. (c) Instruction should be imparted as far as possible by means of blackboards, wall-maps, charts, and orally, instead of by work at a near point as with pencil and paper or slate. Where the work must be done at a near point, a pen and black ink should be used instead of a lead pencil or slate and pencil. (d) The work required to be done at home should be in a large measure abandoned, or at least largely reduced. (e) A more elastic curriculum of study is desirable for pupils with weak eyes or feeble health, which will permit the lengthening of the school life and at the same time admit of steady promotion. (f) Great care should be exercised in the selection of properly printed text-books.

Only good paper, and type no smaller than eight-point, or preferably ten-point, are admissible in school-books, and these should be bold-faced and well spaced, on a double-column page. For the former a distance of two millimeters between the lines, and for the latter a distance of two and one-half millimeters, should be required. (g) In writing, the central position of the paper should be maintained, but in properly lighted rooms with suitably arranged seating, the kind of script, vertical or slanting, will depend upon the vertical or the inclined position of the paper, and may safely be left to natural selection." Some of these suggestions are equally adaptable to the home life or office work of the adult.

A squint, or "cast," of the eye is said to exist when one of the external eye-muscles acts in excess of its opponent, so that when one eye is directed straight ahead the other turns in or out, up or down. In its early stage a crossed eye may sometimes be made to resume its proper position by the use of glasses to correct an error of refraction, usually the underlying cause of the squint, but when the eye has become fixed in its false position an operation is necessary. Practically all cases of "cross eye" can be rectified, and when one considers what a difference in personal appearance it makes, the disagreeable effect of such an eye upon those who must come in contact with the afflicted person, and the simplicity of the operation, it looks like a sin against the community to allow such persons to retain their deformity and roam at large.

Wild hairs are eyelashes which have as the result of inflammation of the lids been turned in so that they scratch the eyeball and produce great discomfort and injury. They are nothing like so common as generally supposed, and very many people pull out their lashes under the mistaken belief that they have wild hairs, when they are suffering from irritation due to some entirely different cause. We should be careful not to interfere with a good set of lashes, as they are important agents in protecting the eye from foreign bodies.

Travelers on the railroad, and laborers engaged in such occupations as stone-cutting, tool-grinding, et cetera, are constantly in danger of catching foreign bodies in the

eye, and such injuries may vary in effect from a simple temporary inconvenience to complete loss of the eye. The best means to prevent such accidents is to wear some simple protection—spectacles or goggles. Unless the substance imbeds itself in the cornea, its most common hiding-place is just under the edge of the upper lid, whence it can easily be removed by evert-ing the lid and wiping it off. The natural tendency of foreign bodies, not imbedded, is to be washed along toward the inner corner of the eyelids, where they give no trouble. A very common practice is to introduce “eye-stones” or flaxseed under the lids to chase out the cinder or bit of dirt; the smooth seed, being naturally carried along to the inner corner, is expected to push the foreign body before it. This is not a good practice, however, and has occasionally produced considerable trouble. Unless the foreign body can be readily removed, the prompt assistance of an expert should be secured.

We are too often careless in the matter of securing good light to work or read by. The most desirable source of light is from above, behind and to the left of the body, and it should thoroughly illumine the work without shining directly or casting reflections in the eyes. As an artificial light, the incandescent electric is the best, but as it is not available to the majority of people, dependence must still be placed in gas or coal-oil. The use of incandescent mantles has much improved the gas-light, making it whiter, more like daylight, and also much steadier. In country districts where coal-oil is the only illuminant, the so-called student-lamps will furnish a very satisfactory light for reading and fine work. The points of most importance in this connection are that the light shall be sufficiently bright to illumine the work thoroughly, without dazzling reflections, and from such a direction as to avoid shadows on the field of vision. If a position cannot be taken which will prevent the light striking directly upon the eye, a shade may be worn on the forehead. Reading while in a recumbent position is not advisable, since the strain upon the eye-muscles is increased and it is difficult to secure as good light upon the book.

The excessive use of alcoholic stimu-

lants and tobacco affects the eye, as it may every other organ of the body. It is to be borne in mind that what is excessive for one is not for another, and that while some men use large quantities of these substances without apparent injury, others find even one cigar a day too many. For some people, then, tobacco is a poison and produces a lesion of the nerve of the eye with resulting blindness, and since no one can determine who will be one of these susceptible individuals, the safe course will be to use it only in moderation, or, better still, not at all. It seems more apt to be poisonous to those who use alcoholic drinks also.

There is a very prevalent belief that a daily cold-water bath of the eyes (opening and shutting the eyes under water) is beneficial and tends to strengthen the eyes. It may render the eye somewhat more resistant to external influences, such as cold, but it can in no way affect the sight, and whilst it may not do any harm it does practically no good.

We can scarcely give too much care and attention to the preservation of sight, for it is to most people the most valuable sense they possess. Its importance has been well described by some writer in the following words: “Sight is the most delicate sense of all. Light is imponderable; the delicacy of its touch or impact on the retinal nerves is beyond the conception of the human mind, yet it establishes from this point an impulse which is conveyed to the visual or sight centers of the brain, which with no uncertainty determine form, color, motion, quantity and space. There is not an impression, feeling or sense with which the nerve-centers have ever been made familiar which is not in some measure re-awakened through the visual apparatus. The musician runs his eye over the page of written music and he hears it. One sees a person across the street eating a lemon, and he tastes it. It is through the feeling awakened by sight that in reading a book and looking at its illustrations, we are enabled to live in the very atmosphere of the scene that is depicted and to drink and satiate ourselves to the fullest extent, feeling, tasting, smelling and hearing the various things and surroundings that the author suggests.”

"THE HONOR OF THE JAIL."

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

ALL Caswell County thrilled to hear that old Michael Gray had been murdered. He was its richest, but far from its foremost, citizen. Caswell gentry were given to looking askance at the man who had come up from the very dregs, making his money in any ways but fair ones. People whom he could have bought and sold twice over, had given him the cold shoulder with startling directness.

Perhaps that was why, at sixty, bald and fat and red-faced as he was, he had chosen to pay court to Miss Julia Vance. She had come from the Eastern Shore to visit the Hartwells. Everybody said she would come back the next time as Lloyd Hartwell's wife. Lloyd was the eldest of the three Hartwell brothers. Their father, the old General, had left them only comfortably rich. Notwithstanding, socially they were at the head. This leadership, conjoined with the vague obligation of neighborliness and hospitality, constrained them to treat Gray with a distant civility when he almost forced himself beneath their roof.

Gray's grotesque presumption amused them—Lloyd most of all. Lloyd had the supremest faith in his betrothed. He rallied her gently upon the size and value of her latest capture. Miss Vance laughed, shook her head at him, went home to get her wedding garments ready—and came back to Caswell County six weeks later as Mrs. Michael Gray.

She came sorely against her will. She wanted to travel—to see cities and palaces. It was for that she had sold herself. Old Michael was obdurate. His mind was set, beyond turning, upon flaunting her, his wife, in the eyes of those who had slighted and made a mock of him. She had queened it over the best of them—and now she belonged absolutely to him. He brought her back in state—with a coach and four, he himself riding at the wheel, upon a prancing, dancing horse. He had a fine big house and troops of servants waiting. He sat down in it with his bride, chuckling savagely while he waited for the county to come and see.

He had reckoned without his guests. Only three people came—and they went everywhere. The minister, of course, was first; after him Sally Slopes, the peddler-woman, as good as a walking county chronicle; last of all Hibbs, the constable, who through much legal serving of old Michael felt himself entitled to drink his wine, and wish him joy of his honeymoon.

The honeymoon had dragged to its very last day, when old Michael was found dead at his own outer gate. He had been stabbed in the throat, and the knife left sticking in the wound. It was a knife admitted to belong to Lloyd Hartwell; further, Hartwell had been seen galloping from the neighborhood of the Gray place, a very little after the time the murder must have been done. When asked to explain, he was silent. He would not even categorically deny guilt, saying alike to his brothers and his lawyers, "Upon my honor I can tell you no more than that the last time I saw Michael Gray, he was alive and unharmed."

In the face of all that, it was idle to think of bail. The Hartwells offered it lavishly, but the examining judge refused it. Lloyd Hartwell went to jail with his head high. He had been there many times before, but in mighty different case. His father had been sheriff for three terms. Lloyd, a tall, active lad, had often taken messages and orders to Mace Herring, who had kept the jail rising twenty years. He lived in the log-house abutting the jail; had set up housekeeping there as soon as he was married. Polly, his only child, had been born in the log-house, and grown up to be easily the prettiest girl in the county.

In the old days, Lloyd had made a pet of her, first as a toddling baby, dimpled, rosy and yellow-haired; later as a freckled, sturdy young person, chary of kisses, even though bribed magnificently with ginger-cakes and silver picayunes, but succumbing to the prospect of a ride on black Sir Archy as far as the court-house and back.

In the good days of the early twenties, Caswell Court House was quite the most

straggling and disproportionate county-seat in all tide-water Virginia. It had a green, of course—five bare and dusty acres, with the public road running quartering across it, and other roads coming in on every hand. The court-house proper, a squat, red brick structure, faced the green on the south. Easterly there was Hickson's ramshackle ordinary, westerly Burton's blacksmith shop—there was a cockpit snugly behind it—and Leake's decrepit general store; and northerly, its main door flush with the green boundary, the low, square, iron-barred jail.

Mace regarded himself, with some color of reason, as the court-house's first resident. It had but two. The blacksmith and the shopkeeper both owned farms a little way out, and came in from them at such hours and days as it suited them to transact business. Landlord Hickson had a farm likewise, but went to it only in the lean intervals between such high- and holidays as court-days and general muster. Mace, an integral part of the county government, could not help but feel himself entitled to rank a mere publican. He tried, though, not to let the feeling become offensively apparent. He made the Hicksons each and several so welcome, indeed, it was common gossip that he was training up Polly to be the future landlady of the court-house.

The jail was uninclosed. So was Mace's house. But Mrs. Herring had a garden-patch, and Mace a stable-lot, both stoutly paled, lying a little at one side. The stable itself was roomy out of all proportion to the house. Mace was a born horse-trader. Hard-riding sheriffs and deputies gave him many good bargains. Then there were sparse travelers, whose beasts fagged or fell lame on the road, to say nothing of the court-day crowds, who often traded horses for the pure love of trading. Mace was every man of them's man. He never left home—not even for so much as a bar-becue, or a day's fishing. There was no telling when the worshipful sheriff might bring in a prisoner. Mace's deepest concern in life was for what he called the honor of the jail.

He let nobody else turn the big brass key of it, yet he trusted his wife even more implicitly than himself, and Polly,

his girl, was the very heart of his heart. As for Tim Quake, his unofficial helper, Tim was so light-headed, he did not know enough to do more than one wrong thing. That was to disturb public worship—especially revival meetings. When he had been brought in for the third time, he begged to stay. "I don't hear them things saying, 'Holler! Holler out! Loud!' when I'm with you, Mr. Herring," he had said. "Do let me stay! I hain't got nowhere else to go, you know." Mace had pondered over it three weeks, then decided to save the county the expense of further prosecutions, by falling in with poor Tim's plan.

Mace Herring was friends with all the gentry. They liked his bluff heartiness. Great ladies nodded and smiled at him from coaches. Colonels, generals, majors, the whole ruck of titles, shook hands with him as cordially as though he had been President, and bowed, baring their heads, if by chance they encountered Mrs. Herring or Polly. If Mace had been ambitious he might easily have sent Polly to the Petersburg Academy, where the daughters of the quality learned to draw, to play on the harpsichord, and to sew wonderful samplers. And then he might have schemed to match her—say with Lloyd Hartwell. Instead he had her taught to read, write, and cast accounts, to sew to her mother's satisfaction, and to make a cherry-pie to his own.

As to a husband for her—no need to worry. A pretty girl, with money already at interest in her own name, could pick and choose. Young Hickson was wild about her—and McLane, the new sheriff's smart under-deputy, not in much better case. Besides, she was only seventeen—he really did not care to have her settled for two years yet. But when she did marry, it must be a man of her own sort. He wanted grandchildren who would look up to their grandparents instead of being ashamed of them.

Meantime, there was the jail—and Lloyd Hartwell the first prisoner in it to be accused of murder. In summer the jail was almost pleasant. The double log walls kept out heat, the cells were spacious, reasonably airy, and always fresh with new whitewash. The prisoners, for the most

Student's Christian Association.
Not to be taken from the room.

part peddlers caught in short weight or measure, stray vagrants suspected as potential horse-thieves, or wild lads of the county who had cracked crowns too energetically, might easily have found worse quarters. Mace took it as a special providence that they came to him in clutches as it were, and generally in the pleasant weather. Half the year, at least, his office was a sinecure. It was as little trouble to keep guard over half a dozen as one.

The jail was usually empty from October to March, so there was really some excuse for the worshipful court's delay in the matter of a stove for it. - The justices had fiddled about it now for ten years. The fact, perhaps, conduced more to mercy than strict justice. Home-bred winter culprits slipped through with a light fine, or a heavy reprimand. Such few as had been given in custody, Mace had never scrupled to make comfortable in his warm kitchen. He took either their word not to try to escape, or their shoes, according to his judgment of which would be most effectual. He had sent them warmed and fed to well-blanketed cots, so in the most biting weather the prisoners had not suffered—neither had the honor of the jail.

It was Indian Summer, mild as May, when Lloyd Hartwell was committed for trial at the February term. December fell nipping cold. The wind came in long shivering blasts, full of snow-spits, and seemingly edged with steel. Mace sighed deeply as he felt the chill on stepping out of bed on one of these mornings. He was less than ten feet from a big fireplace, banked a foot deep with live coals. Moreover, the room was tightly ceiled, had a thick rag-carpet, and curtains drawn over all the windows. If it was cold there, what must it be in a fireless whitewashed cell, running up to a crannied roof that let in wind and snow?

Polly was up ahead of him. He heard her stirring in her little room, opening off his own. The very next breath, she came in fully dressed, her face pale, and a little pinched. "I haven't slept since two o'clock—it was so cold," she said, stirring open the coals and beginning systematically to build the fire. Mace stopped her gently. "You go on out in the kitchen," he said.

"I lay, Tim's got a roaring fire. I promised him last night he might have three days off."

"Do you reckon he'll go, now it has turned so cold?" Polly said, with her hand on the latch. Mace gurgled out:

"Go! Don't you know he's found out there's folks kin to him down in Nottaway County? He's going to see 'em. Log-chains wouldn't stop him—and I shan't try."

Tim did have a fire, a royal one, leaping far up the wide chimney-throat. He had breakfast almost ready, too—fat brown sausages sizzling in the skillet, a second skillet full of feather-light batter-bread, and coffee that it was comforting even to smell.

"'Spect you'll miss me 'fore I come back, Miss Polly," he said, giggling. "I wouldn't go and leave Mister Mace, with a desprit vilyun on his hands—only maybe my kinfolks 'll think to gimme a horse—"

"I don't know of any desperate villain," Polly said, decidedly. "But I hope you'll get the horse—then you won't bother me so, borrowing my Kitty. Yes—you may ride her this one more time. Be good to her, if you ever want to ride her again."

"It's right funny," Mace said, coming in to them. "But that leaves us afoot, Polly. Ain't a thing in the stable but that black devil I traded for last week. He is a devil, certain. I found out too late, he's killed three men a'ready. But go—my! my! This wind a-blowing now couldn't more than catch him. I've sent for Holt to break him—the poor-white fellow that says he can break anything."

He spoke fidgeting with the jail-key. At the last word, he stuck it in the lock of the connecting door, and said oracularly to the ceiling: "A man is a man, neither more nor less, if he do happen to be put in jail the wrong time o' the year. Man in thar," nodding his head, "I've sworn and give bond to keep safe. It ain't keeping him safe at all to let him go and get frost-bit."

"But, Mace!—think!—the honor of the jail?" Mrs. Herring said, breathlessly, clutching at his sleeve. Polly turned very white, then very red. "Think well what you're doing," her mother ran on. "God

knows I'm sorry. I hate for anybody to suffer—but—but Lloyd Hartwell, poor fellow, ain't like—the rest."

"Justice is no respecter of persons. The judge himself said that—when he wouldn't take bail," Mace said. "Lloyd Hartwell ain't like the rest—he'd no more pay back kindness with trouble, than I'd go and steal a horse." Polly cast down her eyes—she dared not let her father see how vivid were the thanks in them.

Lloyd Hartwell had borne himself stoically through many things—things that had tried his courage, his temper and his pride. He was firm in the belief that nothing could move him. Mace's simple trust broke up his steely calm. The seclusion of his cell was infinitely preferable to the garrulous company of the kitchen—still he would not wound Mace by saying so. He walked through the prison door with a sense of facing an ordeal.

Mrs. Herring shook hands, as was her habit. Polly curtsied, blushing a little. Lloyd was slightly dazed to find himself no more a prisoner accused of murder. Instead, he was the welcome guest of old times. Tim Quake waited at table, in the main deftly, though his eyes were wide. Afterward, while he ate, Polly put up a generous snack for him, Mace endowed him with a warm blanket-cape, and Mrs. Herring slipped silver into his hands. Watching it all, from force of habit, Hartwell thrust his hand into his pocket. He drew it back with a bitter smile. He was no longer entitled to the use of money. The realization hurt—he had been free-handed as the day.

In Mrs. Herring's room, Hartwell let his eyes, half closed, follow Polly about. He had never known before what a trim shape she had, nor how proudly her head sat upon a long lily-white neck. "Talk of blood! She is the child of the jail—and carries herself like a queen," he thought. Then, still inly, he chid himself for the reflection—it was unworthy a man in his desperate case. The next minute he felt glad that he had had power to be enticed into it—it showed that life and manhood were not quite crushed.

The day went by like a dream. Outside the storm strengthened. By dusk it was

a howling gale, and thick with snow—fine snow, powder-dry, and drifting wherever the wind could make entry. The jail was full of it—quite too full for Hartwell to sleep there. Besides, the cold was murderous. Mace felt himself chilled through and through while he walked the length of the jail and back. The chill clung to him—his head ached, his chest and throat grew sore. At eight o'clock he drank a stiff dram of brandy, and went to bed, first sending Hartwell into the low, snugly ceiled chamber above his own.

Hartwell amazed himself by dropping instantly asleep. It seemed to him hours later when he was dragged roughly awake, and heard Mrs. Herring cry through the dark: "Oh, do get up! Mace is dying, I believe! He drank out of the wrong bottle! You—you won't let him die—alone?"

"He shall not die—he must not!" Hartwell said a little later as he came to Mace's bedside. Mace was heavily asleep, with eyelids half open, and dilated pupils.

"He—he got hold of my sleeping-stuff—it's poppy-seed, and hemp and gentian—and some more truck," Mrs. Herring said, dully. "I had him awake and talking just now! Look! He'll never wake again."

"He shall wake!" Hartwell said, dragging Mace into the middle of the floor. "Throw water in his face!—snow!—anything! Beat him!—hard!—anything to keep him moving until we can get the doctor."

The doctor must come—Hartwell must fetch him—there was no other chance. Even with her own gentle Kitty, Polly could never ride through the wild night. It would be murder to set her upon the only beast in the stable—and she could never walk the miles to Doctor Maclin's house. Hartwell knew his way about everywhere in the jail. He went swiftly to the stable door. As it swung open he heard an angry snort, and saw a black mass rushing at him. He stepped nimbly aside. The black stallion shot past, squealing with anger. His halter trailed loose behind. As he wheeled, with another vicious snort, he tossed his head, and swung the halter like a whiplash into Hartwell's hands. Hartwell took a turn of it about the post,

drawing the black head less than six inches from it. As he tied the knot, he caught the gleam of a lantern. Polly called to him from the glittery circle of light: "Let me help you! I have brought—all you will need."

The wind clutched and tore at her blue gown, at the little red hood upon her head, but she did not heed. When the black was bridled and saddled, she flung her father's big riding-blanket to Hartwell, and slipped something heavy into his hand.

"It is your own—the money father kept for you—I thought you might need it," she panted. "Oh, do ride fast! You—you can send the doctor. The blanket will keep you warm, no matter how far you go."

"Good-by, Polly!" Hartwell said, hoarsely. His heart ached to clasp and kiss her—but honor forbade. He had caught her meaning clearly, and his heart leaped. "Go back," he went on. "Help your mother! You shall have the doctor inside of an hour. We will not let your father die—the world cannot spare him."

He spoke the last word with his lips on her hand. He felt it tremble violently. As she darted away, he vaulted into the saddle, loosed the rope, and sent the black horse headlong down the big road. The free wind was music in his ears. He felt wholly at one with the magnificent savage beast striding so free beneath him. They had been pent-up—they two, unjustly hampered and thwarted, until both were wild. With the sting of the cold, the lash of the wind, the black would hold his speed all night long. Nothing in the county could come near him. If his rider chose, he might ride on and on, away from the knowledge of Caswell County.

He would do it. He was in a sore strait. In danger of death, and able to save himself only by that which was bitterer than death. It was not as though he were seeking to escape the consequence of evil-doing. It was all a hideous tangle—from which he could see no escape but one worse than endurance. He would go clean away—over the Alleghanies into the rich new West. It might be Polly would come to him there. Dear Polly! He would not even let himself hope that she loved him, but, deep and wordless, he felt that it was

truth. A woman had seemingly ruined his life. It was right to let another woman redeem it. He did not love Polly—not as he had loved Julia Vance. But he could give her deep and loyal tenderness. Indeed, he could do no less than devote to her the life she had saved.

On, on the black stallion flew. The doctor's house lay miles behind. Hartwell had roused Doctor Maclin with mighty shouts, disguising his voice, and muffling his face when the door was at last opened. The house was two miles out of the way, but what was that compared with sending help to Mace? Mace! He reined the black in so short the animal reared, and fought savagely for his head.

Mace! Hartwell loosed the rein with a curse. It should be made good to Mace—everything he might be called on to suffer. The other Hartwells would see to that, even without prompting. A flash of memory made him weak and sick. He was a boy again, standing in Mace's kitchen, with Polly clinging to his hand, the two of them eagerly watching the listing of an imprisoned peddler's pack. The peddler had offered Polly a fine gilded ring. Mace had pushed it back to him, saying, "I know you mean well—so do I—but I nor my wife nor my child can't take anything from—anybody that we have to keep."

Mace would starve sooner than touch Hartwell money. It would seem to him a bribe, no matter how it came. Besides, what was money by contrast with the honor of the jail? Hartwell groaned and set his teeth, as he muttered the phrase that had so often made him laugh. He knew the meaning of it now—now when it was laid on him to outrage that honor and tread it underfoot.

Still he rode due west. He was young, intensely alive, ambitious for a man's full opportunity. He was to be cut off from it for no fault of his own. His counsel had been frank. In the face of Hartwell's persistent silence, life-imprisonment was the best he could hope for—if it came to hanging he must know that he had put the rope around his own neck. He had listened, and held his peace—because it is easier to die than to do some things.

For example, to shame a woman irretrievably in the face of her world. If he

had told how Julia Gray had sent for him, had shown him her bruised cheek, had told him of being cruelly beaten, and begged him to take her away—to her own people—anywhere—only away from her brutal old husband, all who heard would have set her down as wanton, when really she was only selfish, light-minded and vain. He had bidden her be patient, and remember marriage was for better or worse. Then he had gone hastily away—so hastily he would not stop to pick up the knife which had fallen from his pocket as he stooped from his horse to shut the outer gate. Fifty yards from it he had met old Michael, and ridden away from him at full gallop. He had galloped his horse down, indeed, before going home. When circumstance had accused him, he had been dumb—because he could not betray a woman's trust.

Now—he was betraying a man's trust. Mace had trusted him entirely—Mace was sick, dying, it might be. His face, mild yet rugged, with honest, doglike brown eyes, rose up in front of Hartwell. He cowered in the saddle, muttering with stiff lips: "I was a coward to send the doctor. Poor old Mace! I ought to have let you die. It would have been easier than living—to be accused of bribe-taking. Unless you die, people will surely say you were bribed—that your illness was all a feint to let me get away."

The night had grown even wilder. Snow came thicker. The black horse had spent his fire, and edged away from the slash of it. It came from northwest, and blew straight in the eyes. Hartwell's blanket was white all over, his hair and beard full of tiny icicles. The glow of freedom, the exaltation of flight, had died completely away, but deep and bitter a dogged purpose fought and wrestled with his awakened soul.

He was innocent—Mace guiltless. Which of them must suffer? At last he set his teeth hard, and gave the black horse the spur. The stallion reared slightly, then sprang forward with the rush of an arrow. Hartwell half rose in the stirrups with a hoarse, exultant cry. The very next instant, half moaning, half cursing, he wheeled and set his horse's head east.

The black horse stretched his neck, whinnying long and shrill. He knew the

turning meant shelter and oats. From a trot he broke into a canter, then a full run. Now and again the road dipped or rose a little, but there were no hills. It ran through sighing pine woods, or past cleared plantation spaces, where the snow lay in white, unbroken sheets. Nothing stirred, no dog bayed even. The muffle of snow deadened the noise of the black's pounding hoofs. "I might be dead, and riding away to judgment," Hartwell said, half aloud. He held the reins loosely, and stooped a little in the saddle. The honor of the jail had vanquished him, but he could not go gladly to his doom.

The cloudbank lay far to southward now. In the strong moonshine even the smallest roadside twig cast an intense black shadow. The shadows took all manner of grotesque shapes. They made of horse and rider a fiery monster, careering across a still white world.

Hartwell watched it, smiling a little. He had steeled himself to apathy regarding his own fate, and bent his mind sedulously on things apart. The court-house was not far away now. In the last mile the black had settled to a steady pounding trot. In a very little while they would reach the big dead pine that served as the first mile-post upon the highroad. As they drew up to it, the horse shied so violently that his rider was almost unseated. He steadied himself, and heard a faint groan—it came from a huddled heap at the foot of the tree. Snow had mounded it over, about the edges—above, there were dark splotches, which moved faintly. Hartwell urged his horse close to a roadside sapling, tied him fast, slipped down, and made his way to the heap. It moaned again as he touched it—he grasped it firmly, and drew into his arms a man's figure, gaunt, wiry, and so ill-clad it was perishing from cold.

It was a snow to remember for depth and fierceness, but in spite of that, four days from the fall, there was a curious gathering in the jailer's house, where poor Bill Holt, the horsebreaker, lay dying. Everything possible had been done for him from the minute Lloyd Hartwell had dragged him, over half frozen, across the threshold. But from the first Doctor Maclin had

shaken his head; with pneumonia in both lungs and no nurture to build on, he knew the odds were too great. The doctor had stared at Hartwell as though he were a ghost. Mace had but smiled a deep gratified smile, and said, "Now I do take this kind o' ye, Lloyd—thar ain't so many young gentlemen would a-risked thar necks, on that black devil, jest for the chance o' savin' a plain old neighbor." Then everybody had fallen to work succoring the sick man. Doctor Maclin had ridden straight to the prosecuting attorney, a little after daylight. "Something has got to be done," he had said imperatively. "Lloyd Hartwell is no more a murderer than I am. If he were, do you think, with a clear night's start, and the best horse in Virginia under him, he would have come back to stand trial?"

"Candidly, I don't," the prosecutor answered. "I know he's innocent, doctor. The question is, How in the world am I going to help proving him guilty?"

Fate was answering the question. Holt had been delirious through three days. The fourth brought the calm and clear mind that betokens approaching death. He had gasped faint sentences in Mace's ear—then there had been hurrying and scurrying, to fetch the minister, Hartwell's brothers, his lawyer, the public prosecutor, and Mrs. Michael Gray. Awed, silent, with shadowed eyes, they gathered about the death-bed. Holt lay high-propped with pillows scarcely whiter than his face. His eyes were dull—but he put out a groping hand, and touched Mace's big Bible upon the stand beside the bed. "Swear me—quick!" he said, in a hollow whisper. "I will tell the truth, the whole truth, nothin' but the truth."

"Tell it quick!" Doctor Maclin said, slipping his fingers about the nerveless wrist. Holt raised his free hand. "That—killed—old—Mike," he said, "and—him—my daddy—too. But I—never knowed—hit tell—afterwuds. Granny—told me—how he—shamed my mammy—and left her—ter die—an' me—ter starve. I—I never meant—ter kill him. Granny had sent me—fer money. I come on him, at the gate—jest after I had picked up Mr. Lloyd's knife. He cussed me—tried ter kick me—an' I pulled him—off his horse

—we fought—an'—he—got the knife—then I—run away. Gran' said—ter keep still—hit was the—jedgegment o'—Lord. But—he follers me—follers me, so I'm glad I'm—goin' away. But it's hard—leavin' Seliny—with three little—young uns—an' not a soul—ter help—fend fer um—"

He stopped, utterly exhausted. The public prosecutor pressed eagerly forward. "It is all true you have sworn?" he asked, his voice sharp with the strain. Lloyd Hartwell was like a brother to him—and it had seemed his duty to send him to the gallows.

"I swear—a hundred times," Holt said; then wistfully, "The little uns—won't never—know—they had no—pappy."

"They shall never lack anything else," Julia Gray said, bending over Holt, and speaking in his ear. "They shall have—this miserable fortune—house, land, everything—it is their right."

The calm of a great peace settled in the dying face. Julia watched it for a long minute, then lifted her eyes. Lloyd Hartwell was coming through the door, worn, wan, with gray hairs powdering the locks she had last seen so brown. Impulsively she went up to him and held out her hand, saying: "You did love me once, Lloyd. Because of it, you must be glad that, though I sold myself, I have shame enough left not to keep the price."

Lloyd's heart beat fast. He looked down at her with kindling eyes, then glanced at Mace; at his good wife, weeping silently; at Polly's delicate profile against the dark doors of the cupboard. Polly was a pearl beyond price, but as truly out of his reach as though she were a princess.

He knew Mace through and through—his proud humility, his loyal clinging to his own order, his deep tenderness, and simple aspirations for his only child. It would be worse than cruel to set a gulf between them—more cruel than to have betrayed the honor of the jail. He drew Julia softly beyond the sound of the death-rattle, and said, touching her black garments as he spoke, "When we are both beyond the shadow?—"

She did not let him finish—her finger went over his lips. But her eyes said, eloquently: "I will live to atone."

THE STORY OF ANNABEL LEA.

BY FRANCIS WILLING WHARTON.

XI.

IT was Midsummer Day, and by perverse fate it was chilly and rainy. The rain had started the night before and had poured steadily on through a long morning, and at twelve o'clock refused to clear, as every one had prophesied it would, but persisted in reducing the roads to mud and the grass into a soft green sponge.

Miss Lea's drawing-room had the look of a rainy day's occupation, and she sat with a series of little heaps of flannel and

muslin laid out on the sofa beside her; at the desk near by May Leverett was making lists of these same heaps and noting their destination, and the two having spent an hour in this occupation, the younger lady rose to go.

"I think I can leave the things for the Banner Street families," she said, "if you, Miss Lucy, will see to the people in Oldhampton Square. Dear me, if only these men wouldn't desert their wives!"

Miss Lucy stood up also, and patted her shoulder.

"Sometimes it is just as well that they should," she remarked, with unusual severity. "Their company is worse than their room. But, my dear, you are such a comfort! Thank you so much for your assistance with these poor people."



Drawn by
B. West
Clinedinst.

"SHE DREW HER-
SELF UP ON THE
TOP RAIL OF THE
FENCE."

The girl turned her lustrous gray eyes and delicate, high-bred face toward the elder woman.

"It's a pleasure," she said, simply.

"Don't you know, aunt," said a voice that

made them both start, it came so unexpectedly upon them—"don't you know that it is sometimes a pleasure to do our own duty but always a pleasure to do some one else's?" and Annabel stood looking at them with a hardness in her eyes they both felt and both misunderstood.

"That sounds disagreeable," answered May Leverett, slowly, "but I don't quite understand it."

"Don't you?" Annabel shrugged her shoulders. "I should think it was pretty plain. My rude speeches generally are. But I take it back and wipe it out," she added. "It's very nice for Aunt Lucy to have you." She smiled at her aunt's gentle face whose eyes looked as though they did not quite make her out, and then went on:

"By the way, in your rounds won't you go and see Elias Brown, the weaver back here?"

"Elias Brown?" repeated Miss Leverett. "You can't know anything about him, Annabel, or you wouldn't suggest such a thing."

"I sat on his door-step with him for half an hour the other day," answered the girl, "and I think I know a good deal about him. He's wretchedly unhappy and needs help."

"But," Miss Lucy spoke, "he drinks terribly, Annabel."

"Of course he drinks." Her niece eyed her severely. "What do you expect him to do? No children, and deserted by his wife for another man."

"If you encourage him——" began Miss Leverett, but she got no farther.

"Encourage him!" Annabel turned on her. "It's your benevolent discouragement that keeps him the thing he is. If Aunt Lucy there would save some of the sweetness she pours on those garrulous women and turn it on that miserable lonely man, she could raise him out of the ditch."

Miss Lea colored, with the faint flush that became her. "I will go and see him at once, Annabel, if you think it will—er—please and possibly help him. I have been wrong, no doubt, to shrink from my duty to him. He lives too near for his claim to be easily ignored."

Annabel put her arm about her. "Aunt Lucy!" she said, but it meant much.

"I must go and get the muslin for

May," added Miss Lea, and glided from the room.

"She is an angel," thought Annabel—but you would not have guessed it from her expression, and May Leverett made an expressive motion of her chin.

"Miss Lucy is wasted on you," said that young lady, concisely. "I wish she belonged to us."

Annabel's blue eyes met hers. "Roses don't grow on rocks," she said.

Miss Leverett colored slightly, then sat down in an arm-chair and waited for Miss Lucy's return in a silence that made itself felt.

Annabel moved over to the window, and sitting in it, looked out. The garden lay below her farther on the lawn, then the fields, and one special field catching her eye, it suggested memories that brought a curve to her lip, a lift to her pretty chin, and May Leverett, watching her, had a sudden idea come to her—she would speak to her of Gerald.

She was not a complicated person; she was conscientious, overbearingly truthful, with the queer crannies in her disposition that made the Leveretts, though simple and direct, yet difficult to understand and hard to bear with.

"Annabel," she said.

Annabel turned her head. "Yes?"

"I think you are not treating Gerald as you should." It was not an easy subject to handle, and she felt her own abruptness, but could not mend it.

"Don't you?" was the answer.

Silence again.

"I think if you are not going to—to——"

"Marry him," supplied the figure in the window. She had turned her face again to the garden.

"Not going to marry him, you ought not to encourage him as you do."

Annabel broke into a laugh. "According to you, encouraging seems to be my forte. Brown the weaver and——"

"I am serious," interrupted Miss Leverett, the pupils of her eyes dilating with anger. "You are not—you seldom are—but you should think of the mischief your folly may do."

"My dear May"—Annabel looked back at her—"the encouragement I give Gerald

wouldn't keep the affection of a fly, much less a man. And if you think he would care to have your interference in the matter, I think you greatly mistake him."

"It isn't interference"—Miss Leverett's eyes flashed—"and if you think your treatment of Gerald at Mr. Copeland's isn't encouragement—"

"Why, I don't know what encouragement is, is that it?" Annabel's lip curled. "And yet I think I do. However, go and ask Gerald about it. I think he'll differ with you."

Miss Leverett was standing now. Her figure was charming, her face like a flower on a slender stem, but the gray eyes were stony, the lips set.

"I don't suppose you care what I think," she said slowly, "or what any of us think. You are one of those people who believe in being a law to themselves whether it is at other people's expense or not—but perhaps even you may not think it pleasant to end by being ill thought of by an entire neighborhood."

"Indeed, ill thought off?" repeated Annabel. She, too, was standing now, her hands clasped behind her. "Is this a prophecy? I should think Gerald would persuade you to plead all his cases, you have so delicately suggested to me that your brother and I are being talked about."

The other girl flushed. "It isn't Gerald only——" she began.

Annabel put out an imperative hand. May Leverett felt the look in her eyes like a danger. "That will do," she said. "Don't speak another word, not one."

And Miss Lucy, entering, found Annabel standing by the window, May Leverett sitting in a chair near the door.

"Here is the flannel," she began, looking from one to the other, but May, who had risen, took the bundle from her hand, and anticipated her farther speech.

"I will take it," she said. "I will see you soon, perhaps to-morrow, and before Miss Lucy could speak she had gone and shut the house-door behind her."

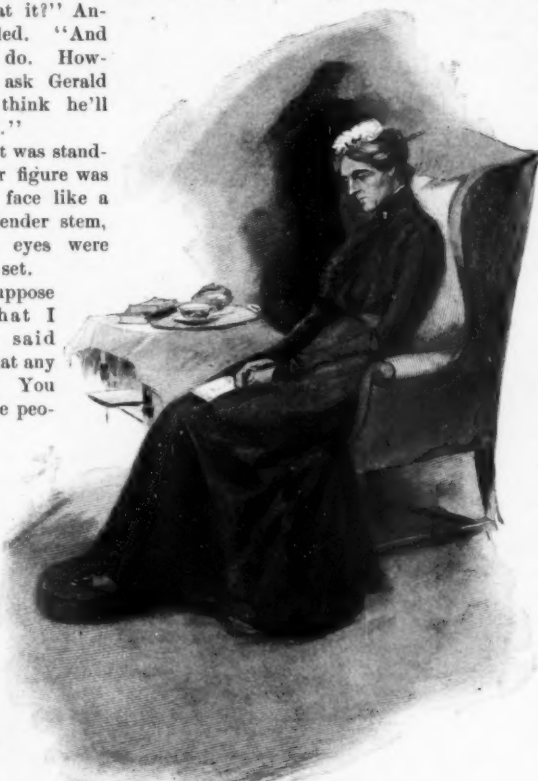
Annabel watched the carriage drive away, and turned to her aunt, who stood perplexed and wondering, where the girl had left her.

"Don't worry, Aunt Lucy," she said. "We

always fall out, May and I, and really a rainy day and a Leverett are a good deal for any one's temper. Either makes one feel 'cabined and confined,' but the two!" She faced again to the window and drummed a weary tattoo on the pane.

Miss Lucy sank into a big chair near the fireplace.

"Patience is not cultivated, Annabel,"



Drawn by
B. West Clineinst.

"MISS LEA SUBSIDED INTO A CHAIR BY THE FIRE, A VOLUME OF EMERSON IN HER HAND."

Student's Christian Association
Not to be taken from the room

she remarked, "by yielding to such violent and fantastic emotions as you indulge. One can do a great many useful and pleasant things on a rainy day, and as for the dear child who has left us, I cannot understand why you find it so difficult to appreciate her good qualities. You don't want every one to resemble yourself exactly, do you, my dear?"

"Aunt Lucy sarcastic!" Annabel looked over her shoulder with a smile. "What an awful world it would be!" She had stopped her tattoo on the glass and now scrutinized the sky eagerly. The clouds had lifted; the rain seemed to hesitate; the drops grew fewer, stopped; the air freshened, and the sun flooded the earth, and glistening on every leaf and blade of grass, transfigured the world. Annabel faced about, and dancing down the room, uttered a sound that justified Miss Lucy's gently repressive comment.

XII.

"You remind me of a savage, my dear. Where were you taught to deliver yourself of such an——"

"It isn't *an* anything, it is *a* whoop, Aunt Lucy, just a plain old whoop. I wasn't taught it, that I know of; it comes by nature. It means, How joyful to see the sun!"

"You are given speech to express that idea," answered the elder Miss Lea, a trifle wearily, the conflict was so unceasing.

"There are moments when one's feelings transcend speech." Annabel laughed as she spoke. The parting of her red young lips was gay and handsome, but, too—Miss Lea found it difficult to express, but it certainly was not Lea. She could not resist watching the bright blue eyes with their dark lashes, the tilt of the white chin, and wondering unprofitable thoughts. Annabel felt the alarmed scrutiny. She came toward the older woman and laid her hand caressingly on her arm.

"Don't look at me as though I might bite you," she said, smiling, yet with something very like pain in her voice. "I am not quite come to that yet, am I?"

"My dear!"

"Oh, well!" The younger lady did not often yield to softer impulses, and here whirled about the room to shake off

her momentary weakness. "And now for a tramp!"

"A tramp!"

"I don't mean a man, dear aunt, but a form of exercise to which I am partial. I will put on my high boots and everything; don't expostulate"—this in answer to an evident intention on the part of her aunt—"for, frankly, I am wild from this housing, and go I must." And in ten brief minutes she was as good as her word. Miss Lucy, looking out the window, saw her trudging across the wet lawn with the dogs at her heels, dressed in a short skirt and laced boots, a wide-brimmed hat and short jacket, and gave a sort of hopeless groan as she saw her vault the fence into the field below.

"If I thought I even made her happy!" she murmured, as she turned back and gazed round the charming interior. "If I thought she was even really reclaimed ground, but——" The shake of the head was expressive, and Miss Lea subsided into a chair by the fire, a volume of Emerson in her hands.

The ground was soaked, the bushes laden with rain, the trees dripped continually, but the air on such a day is balm for every ill. A fresh cool air, with the smell of the wet earth in it; it blew the curls on either side of the girl's face into her eyes until she tucked them behind ears and with her arms swinging free at her sides, walked swiftly along the road.

Not a soul did she meet. The highroad, nothing more than a lane, seemed to belong to her. She looked at it with wondering eyes and it seemed new-dressed. Did it always have such glistening, green-leaved bushes in thickets along its sides? Did it always have patches of emerald grass for her to walk on? And at that moment drove by the doctor and his gig, and the charm was broken. In quick succession after him came three wagons; she counted them resentfully; one of them splashed her with mud, and she turned into a field and off toward a well-wooded road that was less frequented. She walked, ran, raced, then walked again, and at last slackened her pace, and leaning against a very damp stile, debated going home.

The dogs, seated comfortably each in

Drawn by H. Ward Cleveland.

"THEY . . . LOOKED ACROSS WIDE PASTURES TOWARD THE DECLINING SUN."



a puddle, flapped their tails and watched her, then, thinking she took too long to make up her mind, wandered among the bushes in hope of jack-rabbits.

She felt a sense of rest and peace. "It's more like home," she thought, "than any house," and, amused at her heretical thought, she drew herself up on the top rail of the fence.

She was hardly settled there when she heard the sound of a horse's feet. Constant admonitions as to never sitting on fences after the age of twelve came to her memory, but she had become callous to admonitions; she regarded them very much as children do "dares," as a way of settling your determination to do a thing. So, sitting on the fence, her yellow boots resting on a lower rail, she watched for the coming horseman. "Gerald," she thought. "I hope so—he hates me to sit on a fence, at least he says he does." And as the long lope of the galloping hoofs came nearer, she composed her features gravely to hide an inner smile. Nearer it came, now rounding the turn; he was in sight—not Gerald, but a figure very familiar to her, Dexter. He saw her, urged on his horse, and now drew rein before her.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Lea. Walking?"

"A very idle question! Do I usually conceal my horse in the bushes when I ride, Mr. Dexter?"

He laughed in answer, and if you had heard her speech and his laughter you would have known what an excellent understanding existed between them. She looked at him with smiling approbation. It was so delightful to meet some one else who felt the lift in the weather; some one young and strong and good-looking. She had grown to think him very good-looking. While they faced each other in silence, they were inwardly taking notes. He had a habit of twisting the corner of his mouth which she knew and liked; she wondered what Miss Lucy would do if she saw it. "Fidget," she thought, and laughed inwardly.

"What are you doing out in the mud with my horse?" she asked, smiling, for he rode Caustic.

"Teaching her good manners," he answered, smiling also, and he wondered what would happen if he rode a little nearer and

lifted her off the fence onto his horse. "She wouldn't scream, that's certain," he thought.

"I've had such a tramp," she began—"perfectly gorgeous! I was almost out of my mind with the rain, and I've been walking off my surplus energy. I've been over my ankles, see!" and she put out a boot for his inspection.

"Jupiter! You must have splashed through the puddles. Don't you mind it? I thought young ladies didn't like dirt."

"That's because you don't know! Some do, some don't! I am one of the ones that do. I like dirt and work and out-of-doors. I don't like work in any other connection, let me hasten to add. I don't believe you like it at all," she finished gaily.

"Not often," Dexter answered, "except just as you say—dirt and work and out-of-doors. I tramped for a year once, and once again for two. That's more than you can say, isn't it?"

"Tramped!" Her eyes glistened. "When? Where? How? You never spoke of it before. Tell me all about it. Have you read Walt Whitman?"

"Walt Whitman?" he repeated. "No, no time for reading," and he laughed.

Miss Lea slid down from the fence and turned her face toward home. "You walk along too," she said, "and tell me all about it"—which after a fashion he did.

"What a life!" commented the girl, with a sigh of unqualified envy. They were not far from the highroad, and she stopped and leaned against a strip of fence where the woods broke, and they looked across wide pastures toward the declining sun. His lurid glory was soon to be hidden by the masses of clouds that were gathering along the horizon. "And think what one does instead! Ah! to be free like that and not have people trying to fit a yoke on one's neck all the time!" She moved her head restlessly.

Dexter looked at her. "They aren't very successful, are they? You aren't that kind."

She glanced up at him with a smile. "What do you judge from? I'm all docility with you. Come, tell me, did you ever have a better pupil?"

"Pupil?" repeated Dexter. "Yes, I have been giving you riding lessons,

"Nor do I," returned Annabel, quickly. "I think of it just as the best hours in the day."

The young man flushed. He could not take his eyes from her face. Annabel felt the force of her words, and the color deepened on her cheek.

"May I say what I think of them?" he began, in a low voice, but she interposed.

"Certainly not," she said, lightly. "You would feel it proper to be polite. I hate politeness. It's what I like in my friend, the weaver, that he's so uncivil! Did I tell you I had a new friend?"

She looked straight ahead of her, and Dexter drew his breath in a sharp sound like a sigh.

"No," he said. "What about him?"

"He is generally drunk"—Annabel flicked at the wet bushes—"and when I pass him in the road he is usually taking his solitary way home with a dreary stagger that goes to my heart."

Dexter stared at her. "I never knew a woman could forgive a man for getting drunk," he said.

"Most of them can't when he's old and poor and dirty." The girl's eyes darkened. "They don't find it so difficult

*Drawn by
R. West Clinedinst.*

"IN THE STRENGTH
OF ANOTHER RUSH
OF RAGE HE LEFT
THE ROOM."

haven't I? I never think of our time together under that name any longer."

when he isn't those things. Now, for my part, when I see what he goes home to, I understand it so well. I went into his little hovel of a house the other day. Two rooms, cheerless and bare—his wife left him. He was industrious and steady until then. Now, why, the light's gone out for him, and he isn't young enough to start again. He told me the other day that women were scourges, and though I

might be kind to him I'd make it up to some one else. So you see why I say he isn't civil."

"I suppose he's right. What do you think?" Dexter was looking at her.

"It depends on how I'm treated," answered Annabel, gaily. "I am easy to lead and hard to drive, do you see? Now I wouldn't live a week with a master, but I'd tramp round the world with a friend. O that I could say," she added, "Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road!"

He did not recognize her favorite poet, but the words stirred a throb of wonder in him.

"Do you believe," he asked, slowly, "that you could endure, much less enjoy, a life like that?" He searched her face with his eyes, then shook his head. "You have never known what hardship means."

She shrugged her shoulders. "I can make a pretty good guess at it, and there isn't an inch of me that shrinks from it. However, I shall trundle along in the carefully graveled paths of respectability all my life, I suppose, and least said soonest mended. I ought not to have asked for your stories of forbidden fruit. It would be better if I had learned to knit instead of to ride, and never known you."

"Would it? Perhaps it would—for both of us."

The girl looked straight over to the sunset. "There isn't a 'perhaps' in the matter—it would have been much better if I had never known you. But as it happens, I am not sorry. I am glad."

The young man said something under his breath and took a step nearer to her, but she turned from him toward the road.

"Time's getting on," she said. "I am keeping you. Don't you want to ride ahead?"

"I don't want to," answered Dexter, slowly, "but I will if you would like it better."

They looked at each other. The girl colored a little.

"No, I like it this way," she said. "And tell me some more about the Mississippi." And they walked on, his bridle over his arm, the dogs racing to and fro, and it was so that Gerald Leverett met them. He gave the girl a look, she

returned it with one equally unpleasant, and he rode by them with the slightest raising of his hat.

Dexter glanced at the set young face near him. "Pluck!" he thought. It was half an hour later that he left her at the door of the house and rode off toward the town. He had seen marks of a horse's feet in the gravel at the door. "Waiting for her," he thought, setting his teeth, and he turned over many things as his horse trotted home.

"Oh, Mr. Leverett is in the parlor, is he? Very well." Annabel nodded to the maid, and taking off her jacket threw it on the chair in the hall; then, mud-splashed from head to foot, she entered the room. There was a flicker still in the logs; the room seemed very warm; the wild-rose flush the wind had brought to her cheeks deepened to a glow as she advanced to her visitor. She had never dreaded Gerald's attacks before, but now—well, she wished him at home with enthusiasm.

The young man had been sitting by the fire, plunged in his own gloomy thoughts. As she came in, he stood waiting for her.

They stared at each other.

"How d'you do?" The first words came from Miss Lea. "I hope you have made yourself entirely at home?"

But he was beyond even sarcastic amenities.

"Annabel," he said, roughly, "did you meet that man accidentally or had you told him where to find you? Answer me. I must have an answer to this."

"Very well, you shall, then! I met Mr. Dexter by appointment." She clasped her hands lightly on the back of a chair, and resting her knee on it, tipped it toward her. It was an attitude of such careless ease that the last thread of control her words left him, snapped.

"By appointment!" he repeated. "I see, I understand. He is making love to you as Maitland the gardener did, as others have done, and the young men from the town whom I have thought presumptuous in their attentions doubtless think they may well follow where a groom can lead." He stopped; his nostrils dilated; his clever, ugly face hardened into stone in which his eyes shone like steel. And

Annabel—she crossed the room toward the fire, she leaned against the mantelpiece and looked down on the flame. He saw—and it moved him to his depths—that she was trembling.

"Go!" she said. "That's enough—go!" He stood, the rage dying from his veins.

"Go!" she repeated. "Having shot your bolt, take your way home. I shall never see you again, but there is no need for us to wish each other good-by. We part enemies. Now go!"

He moved to the door, then stopped. There was a pause and he turned back to her; she did not look at him. He had a sudden vision of the two figures he had seen, and in the strength of another rush of rage he left the room.

She sank down in a chair by the fire. The room was so still that the feelings in her seemed to shout noisily, they raised such angry voices. Could it all be within her—this feeling of outrage, this desire to strike? And then what was this that filled her with its clamor? A longing for the man whom Gerald called a groom. "I am happy with him; I wish he would take me away," she cried out loud, and throwing herself on the sofa she let this mad thought inundate her brain. It swept over her like a sea. But there came an ebb in the tide.

She believed she was warring against natural instinct, hereditary feeling, her class, the society in which she lived. Was she strong enough to do this? Would it all roll back and claim her again? Would she at some later day feel her blood throb in protest in her veins if she abandoned the surroundings in which she had been born and reared? Would she long for the shelter of the very barriers that she wished now to break through, and turn against the life she now ardently desired?

And Dexter? What did he mean to her? A rush of impassioned feeling came over her. Mean? She loved him. This man whom she knew to be despised almost as a menial by the people she lived among, had caught her heart.

She got up, and wandering round the room, tried to think what the associations in it meant to her. The books, the pictures, the harmonious colors amid the fall-

ing twilight, what would a loss of these things deprive her of?

She stood in the middle of the room and held out her hands to an unseen audience. "Nothing," she cried, "nothing, less than nothing!" There was an instant's silence, then a sound outside, and the door opened. It was the maid.

"A gentleman to see you, Miss Annabel," she hesitated, but the riding-master put her gently aside, and entering the room, closed the door behind him. She saw that he was in his riding-dress; he saw that she was still in walking-trim. The pallor of her cheek, the light in her eyes, convinced him that he had been right in his surmise.

"I came," he began abruptly, "to tell you that if any one has annoyed you, any man bothered you, I would break his head for him."

Their eyes met full.

"Thank you," she answered, the color mounting to her cheek. "I would take your offer if I needed it. I have no doubt you could do it, too," she smiled at him, "but I am able to take care of myself in my present quarrels."

They stood looking at each other, but the emotion he felt got into his eyes and she lowered her lashes, and turning a little from him, stood lovely and speechless, with something in every line of her attitude that encouraged him.

He took a step nearer to her. His hat and riding-stick he held in one hand, the other hung clenched at his side.

"I came," he began again, "to tell you that; to tell you that no one should trouble you if I could help it; and to tell you that I love you."

There was an intense stillness in the room; Annabel moved a little. "Oh, no, you don't," she said. Again he took a step toward her. He was not far away now.

"Don't I?" he said. She tried to speak, but felt a fetter on her lips.

"Don't I?" he repeated. "You take me for a fool, then? Who could ride with you day after day as I have done and not love you? Answer me that!"

He stood beside her now, looking down on her, his eyes seeking hers.

"I know," he went on, "I know that

you don't care for me. Why should you? But it is something to tell you how I feel. I'll clear out of the place in town and go; I can't stay now; but at least I have said——" he stopped. He was within two inches of her, and it took all he had in him not to touch her. She looked down at his hat and stick.

"So you will go away, will you?" she said, softly.

"I must."

"Well, then, before you go," she hesitated—"before you go I'll just tell you——" She stopped.

"Tell me what?"

"That I don't know much about love or life, but—before you go away I want to—to——" She raised her eyes to his, and the young man caught her in his arms and stooping his head, pressed his lips on hers.

It was then that Miss Lucy entered the room. She stood quite still. There was an instant when she believed the young man who held her niece in his arms to be Gerald; even then she was shocked at such an extreme demonstration. Then she felt it was not Gerald—but who then?

"My dear Annabel," she said. It had the desired effect, they sprang asunder. But the man—the man—it could not be.

"My heaven!" came from the poor lady, and sinking into a chair she looked at them. The moment of weakness passed, and from her chair she turned the horror of her glance, the menace of her words, toward him.

"You are a robber, a thief!" she cried. "You have entered this house on false pretenses! Give back my child and go!"

The young man stood silent; he felt a slender hand catch his arm and hold it tightly.

Miss Lucy gathered her strength. "Do you know what you are doing?" she went on. "This young lady is no fit associate for you or your kind. To what are you leading her?"

"I love her, I will marry her," he said, his voice hoarse and determined.

The old lady uttered a terrible laugh. "Love her! You will marry her, will you? A fine marriage—and how do I know even that? What life have you led that she can enter into? In all probability

a life of drinking and gambling. Do you deny it?"

Dexter threw up his head and brought his hands together in a clench.

"Deny it, no," he answered. "I have gambled; I have been drunk, if you like: but what man that can do both holds back when no one's happiness depends on it? I have lived a careless, worthless sort of life, but I can change all that. I have something to work for, something to—cherish." He turned to the girl beside him and looked down into her eyes with a tenderness Miss Lucy could not see; she was blinded with other thoughts.

"Oh, yes," she cried. "Good resolutions—all very well, man, but what are they worth? Ah, I've seen them broken before now, and shall I let her venture forth on that life of vagrancy and misery? Leave us, go elsewhere; this girl that I have tended and watched and fostered shall not go out into that life with you. Leave us. No words can reach me or convince me. Go!"

Again he stood silent, then turned to Annabel. "You hear what she says," he said, gently. "What do you say? She is very wise and right. She is your guardian. What arguments have I? It's all quite true, I have led a wild life, a——"

"Say disreputable and have done; it is not a time for mincing words," broke in Miss Lucy. "What people have you?—what surroundings could you offer her?"

Dexter grew paler; he set his teeth. "Quite true again," he responded. "I haven't any family to support my claim. My mother ran away with my father. He was an actor. She died when I was very young, he died shortly after; some friends of theirs brought me up."

"You see!" Miss Lucy rose in her triumph, then sank again into her chair. "You see, Annabel?" she held out her hands to the girl. "The man is honest," she said, more gently. "He sees how unfit he is to—to approach you, my dear, and you will be wise too and come here and let me tell you further how mad, how——"

Dexter put out his hand.

"Don't," he said. "You have said enough. I will go. I have been wrong. I haven't any past nor any future worth



Drawn by
B. West Clineinst.

"'MY HEAVEN!' CAME FROM THE POOR LADY, AND SINKING INTO A CHAIR SHE LOOKED AT THEM."

her taking, and it was just that I loved her—just that I—that she——” He shook his head as though to get something out of his brain, then smoothed back his dark hair with his hand. “I have been mad,” he said, and taking a step toward the door, turned to Annabel.

“Good-by,” he said. “She is right. Good-by.”

Annabel ran toward him. “Are you going?” she said. “Do you think it is settled like this? Aunt Lucy, have you known me all my life and do you think this is all? And you, you will give me up!”

Dexter’s pale face crimsoned. He looked from her to the older woman; the tragedy in Miss Lucy’s eyes decided him.

“I have been wrong,” he repeated, looking straight into Annabel’s waiting eyes. “It has been a bad mistake. I had no right, and I’ll go.” The last words came swiftly, and with one rapid survey of the girl’s beautiful features, as though it took the place of a spoken farewell, he turned from them both and left the room; they heard the house-door shut, heard the sound of a horse’s feet stamping the ground as he was untied in the dark, and then the gallop of his hoofs lessening in the distance.

Annabel took a step toward Miss Lucy. “This isn’t the end,” she said—her voice died away and she slipped down on the carpet; she had fainted.

XIII.

An hour later, Annabel lay on the sofa in her own room, with Miss Lucy beside her. The girl came out of her faint quite ashamed of her weakness and with eyes brilliant with the touch of fever it had left. Ideas were working busily within her, to the concern and trouble of Miss Lucy, and the latter patted the girl’s hand nervously while she talked.

“Be calm, my dear,” she said, with very little appearance of being so herself, “and just drink this nice chicken-soup. And talk, dearest, if it will relieve you, but be calm, be calm.”

“I’m calm enough,” was Annabel’s answer. “I’m thinking.”

“I—I wouldn’t think,” urged her aunt. “Just rest for a——”

“Rest!”—her chin thrown up, she smiled with some bitterness—“a likely tale! Come, Aunt Lucy, even you don’t expect me to rest.”

“Well, not exactly sleep, my dear, yet; but allow yourself to simmer down, to——”

“Like a pot that has been on too hot a fire and is put off on one side to cool. Aunt Lucy, you are—well, what I can’t make out is where I came from, if the Leas were all like you. I don’t believe they were; there must have been some sinners. You never tell me anything of my father and mother. Why don’t you talk of him? He at least was a Lea! Was he a black sheep? That would be a joyful thought.”

There was a long silence. Annabel leaned forward and looked into her aunt’s face.

“Oh,” she said, slowly, “so that’s it. I’ve wondered, but I have been lazy, and then I thought they were all good venerable Leas though they did live in the West—but this is different. What did papa do?”

Miss Lucy clasped her hands in her lap and looked straight before her. “I never knew anything wrong that he did,” she answered, slowly.

“Was he a credit to you?” persisted the girl. “What was his profession? But you said he was in business in Montana, that was it; but was he a credit?”

Her aunt was silent.

“If you won’t tell me, some one else will,” Annabel went on. “I mean to make out why I am like what I am.”

“It’s because—because your mother was no relation.”

“Yes, but—well, tell me about her. Was she wild and queer like me?”

Miss Lucy slipped into the past a moment and forgot the girl beside her. “She was imprudent, foolish, venturesome. Poor child, she paid dearly for her folly. She ran away with your father.”

Annabel was silent. Suddenly an idea came to Miss Lucy, born of her own mental agitation, fostered by the instinctive belief we all have that other people will feel as we do. Her own gentle, shrinking nature would have received what she was about to tell Annabel in one way; she did not stop to consider the temperament with which

she had to deal. She leaned forward and fixed her eyes, shining with the magnitude of her purpose, on Annabel.

"My dear," she began, "I will tell you of your parentage. To-night, for the first time, you shall know the story, and you will feel the value of all that you are so willing to discard. I have left you too ignorant of the hardships from which you have been protected. It is this ignorance that has launched you into the folly you have indulged in. You will draw back from a life of struggle with such miseries when you know what they really mean."

Annabel leaned back on her pillow and waited in silence, but her hands, which she drew under the shawl that covered her, trembled.

"Twenty-two years ago I was alone in this house, left very solitary by the death of my mother and my aunt. On a certain night in January there was a terrible snow-storm, and I walked up and down in the warmth of my house and shivered over the poor creatures outside. I was eager to help some one, and the opportunity came. Turning to the window, I saw a man outside in the snow. I ran to the door and brought him in to the fire. He had a bundle in his arms; from its folds looked a baby's face. I took it from him, warmed it, fed it, clothed it, and rocked it into sleep. The man was your father, the baby was yourself."

No tears, no gasps, no sighs. Miss Lucy looked at the immobile face before her, the brilliant eyes staring at her, and a tremor overtook her. It was so strange a way to be made, she could never make it out.

"Well, my dear," she went on, hurriedly, "he told me that he had run away with your mother and that they had wandered together until you had been born in a—a hospital, and that she had died. He would not leave you there, so took you up and journeyed on. He was wearied, but faithful to a certain responsibility. I offered to take you—he agreed. We parted never to meet again."

No sound, no sob, no cry. Miss Lucy leaned over the girl and patted the shawl where Annabel's hands might be.

"And that, my dear, is all."

The girl sat up and caught Miss Lucy's fingers.

"All!"

The older woman kept a trembling silence.

"Do you mean you know no other single fact?"

Miss Lucy searched her memory.

"Yes, my dear; your mother was the daughter of a Methodist minister."

"Her name?"

"I did not ask."

"My father's name?"

"I did not ask."

The girl fell back on the pillow and lay there speechless, white, shaking all over.

"My dear, you are having a chill! I must get hot-water bags, whisky, blankets." Miss Lucy got up, but Annabel caught her by the hand.

"Wait," she said, "the Leas—all that is——"

"Fiction, my dear. I did the best I could for you. I had cousins in the West, a broken connection—the servants thought your father one of those cousins. They were loyal and did not feel it necessary to inform the neighborhood to what one Lea had fallen. I told nothing I could avoid. My character for truth was what enabled me to lie successfully." Miss Lucy's voice had in it the bitterness that lying had cost her. "And now let me go and get——"

Annabel raised herself on her elbow.

"First get me pencil and paper," she said.

"Pencil and paper?" repeated Miss Lucy.

"You need a doctor, not——"

"I don't care what I need—I will write to him to-night. He may be gone in the morning, don't you see? Don't you see?"

"He—gone—see what?" Miss Lucy stared at her.

"Why, Mr. Dexter, aunt! I will write to him and tell him how the barriers between us are leveled—leveled indeed! What should the daughter of a nameless tramp ask as credentials?" She pressed her hands upon her eyes. "How strange it all is! But quickly, please. Aunt, don't worry about the servants—they'll think it a message about the horse; and if they don't, well——" She shrugged her shoulders. The older woman, stunned by the havoc she had wrought, brought the writing materials, saw the note written, had it sent, and was then allowed to help

the shivering girl to bed, to give her drink, to tuck her things about her, and an hour later came to her bedside with a face of mingled anguish and relief.

"Well?" Annabel sat up and threw off the wraps about her. "My answer?"

"My dear, he's gone—rode to catch the train at Southwark, is gone leaving no address. Said something of the West, the man in charge told William."

The girl sank back on her pillow and lay quite still, but poor Miss Lucy, bending over her, saw the slow drops force themselves from beneath her lids, and kneeling down beside her sent up a silent cry to demand why such things are.

XIV.

It was a winter's day, the 1st of February, dreary and gray, with none of the sparkle that alleviates the stern beauty of the snow and ice. The road was deep in mud, and Annabel drew rein at the house-door with a habit splashed to the waist and even some little brown spots on her wind-blown cheek. She slid to the ground, gave the bridle to the man, and taking a handful of letters from the saddle-bag, entered the warmth of the flower-scented house, with a rare appreciation of the protection a roof does give. A bowl of violets on the drawing-room table was responsible for the perfumed air, and the girl bent over it and drew a deep breath before she threw herself into a big chair near the fire.

Miss Lucy was out visiting two friendless old women, who lived in a tumbledown cottage not far from her, and Annabel tossed the letters addressed "Miss Lea" on the table, and looked with scant interest at her own mail. Two invitations, a golf magazine, and a letter from her school-friend Ellen Waters. She threw the others aside, and dropping her hat on the floor with her gloves, she read the last slowly through. It ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR ANNABEL: You were good to write me that delightful letter, with such a vivid account of Connisfield. I want another, and the best way to get a letter being to write one, here am I. I did tell you how happily we are settled here, but perhaps you will be interested in hearing again what a pleasant life we make of it.

Jim is now perfectly absorbed in the horses, and they really are doing splendidly and the whole thing seems to be a success. We have had visitors, too—Polly Aylwin, a friend of Jim's. Do you know her? Pretty, gay, a trifle horsey for my taste, but the men like her, and her husband is very nice, very good-looking, and great fun—you would find him a boon companion. Then George Roberts—you remember George Roberts—and a friend of his, a very nice boy indeed. We have ridden a great deal and been very well amused. It is cold but exhilarating. The only fault I've had to find is that every one is so happy and cheerful that they none of them needed petting and you know I hanker after the lame dogs. I did find one, but he wouldn't let any one come near him. It's Jim's new trainer. I say new, but he's been with us since the autumn and Jim says he's perfect only (there is always an only) he drinks. He has very good recommendations and no mention of this fault, which is queer, but Jim thinks he has had recent trouble, wife died or something. He certainly has no family, writes to no one, and pays very little attention to anything but the horses and dogs. You will be shocked to hear I think him good-looking, you are so easily shocked! He is dark, with rather a beak, and he has a beautiful seat and an air that I like. I worked Jim up over him so the last time he came back from the town (he only gets off once in two weeks) the worse for the stuff he had had, Jim said to him when he was sober, 'Dexter, are you in trouble—in debt or anything?' He looked Jim hard in the eyes and said, 'No, sir.' Jim said, 'Anything I could help in?' 'No, sir, thank you.' And what more is there to be said?"

Annabel laid the sheets down and looked before her. "Dexter, are you in trouble?" The words ran before her eyes like live things. "Dexter, are you in trouble?"

She picked up her letter and read the few lines that remained:—

"You have heard enough of our trainer, and perhaps you agree with Jim that I make rather too much of him. I think if you saw some of the horses you'd think

them beautiful enough to comfort a man for all the troubles of life. Why don't you come out for a month? Do! We want you always. I must fly. I am late for supper now, and we do everything in our habits but spend the evening in them—there I draw the line. Do write soon. And give my love to every one in Connisfield. Yours ever, ELLEN."

She finished; the door opened, and she was no longer alone. Miss Lucy entered. "Well, my dear," was her greeting, "the chilly air makes the house a grateful shelter, don't you think so?" She held her fingers over the fire; her grave eyes rested wonderingly on Annabel's pale face. The girl drew herself to her feet with a spring.

"Aunt Lucy, I am going to Colorado to stay with Ellen and Jim"—she spoke slowly—"and I'm going to-morrow."

XXV.

Miss Lucy sat in a deep chair by the fire with the silver tea-tray before her. She felt a sense of well-being pervade her to which she had of late been a stranger. There was a long shaft of the departing winter sunlight striking in through the window and it warmed the cockles of her old heart. Then there is something, to the trained senses of such a creature as Miss Lucy, in polished silver of delicate shape, thin, dainty cups and saucers; in vases filled with fresh flowers, old vases filled long ago by hands as careful as her own—there is something in these things which constitutes the beauty of life and is her nearest approach to a material gratification. On Miss Lucy's knee rested an unopened letter from her charge. She looked at it content. It would tell of enthusiastic enjoyment and a proper vent for the girl's racing fulness of life.

She finished her first cup of tea; setting down the cup, she opened a book that lay on the table near her. It was a volume of Kipling's verse. Miss Lucy had an innocent vanity in keeping up some acquaintance with the modern writers, though she knew pages of Milton and Scott. She did not like this Kipling, but his verses, faulty and unlyrical as they were, jingled in her ear. She read over some lines that had struck her fancy:—

"The white moth to the closing vine,
The bee to the opening clover,
The Gipsy blood to the Gipsy blood
Ever the wide world over."

It opened a queer little door in her mind, into an unaccustomed place, a bright-colored garden where people disported themselves without fear of the law, knowing nothing but their own wild joys. She gave a sigh of bewilderment, and took up Annabel's letter. It was very short. She read it through twice before she took in the meaning of the words. One sentence alone extricated itself from the rest, and she repeated it aloud:—

"I am married, dear aunt, married and done for." What did it mean? She began again in the beginning:—

"DEAR AUNT LUCY: I came knowing that I should find Mr. Dexter here. He wrote of him in her last letter. He was Jim Waters' trainer—that means horse-trainer, Aunt Lucy. When I could, I told Mr. Dexter I had come out to see about him, and he was—well, he was what I like, and—and what I married him for; for I am married, dear aunt, married and done for. I ran off—I knew Jim would hate it all—and now we are in another state, in California. He will get a job and we shall get along, and so good-by, darling, and forgive me. I know you think I have smashed my life, but it is better to do that than to see it crumble to dust before your eyes. Then I love him, he loves me; perhaps he will beat me later. In a few months I will write; for the present throw me out of your thoughts; that I am not worthy of a place in them is perhaps true, but yet I love you still.

"Yours, ANNABEL."

At last it was coming home, and Miss Lucy covered her eyes with one trembling hand. When you think you have done one good thing in the sight of God and turn to find the web of your woof unraveled and tangled before you—it goes as hard with the saint as with the sinner.

The tears of the Leas came slowly, painfully, and down-dropping seemed to sink into their souls.

Miss Lucy wept.

[THE END.]

A MODERN PIRATE.

BY WINGROVE BATHON.

THE sun had set. The hush of the quiet evening stole over the beach and through the trees, as the masterful voice of the tide arose from the restless Sound.

A girl was seated upon one of the moss-draped stumps at the edge of the beach road, laughing softly to herself, as she glanced up now and then to observe the face of a man who was coming along the path.

He came directly to her, hat in hand, and bowed, as she rose to her feet and shook from the edge of her gown the traces of the sand.

"Mrs. Wilson?" he said, inquiringly.

"Yes. I am she."

"Yo' will pahdon me foh this intrusion," he said, rapidly, "but Ah hev an explanation toe offuh yo' toe acquit mahse'f of mah seemin' rudeness yestuhday evenin'. Ah wish yo' toe believe thet Ah did not see yo' oh any othuh puhson behin' me when Ah was smokin' cigahettes in thuh lobby of thuh hotel. Ve'y unfohtunately——"

"Oh, please do not——" she interrupted.

He raised his hand.

"One moment. Please heah me out," he continued, steadily; "ve'y unfohtunately, Ah am a ve'y selfish puhson; so Ah took mah newspapuh intoe thuh lobby, an' as yo' wuh behin' me an' in front of thuh open windows thuh smoke from mah cigahettes went directly toe yo'. Ah hope yo' will believe thet Ah would not intentionally hev caused yo' any discomfoht."

"It does not in the least matter," she replied, smilingly; "and I should not have minded the smoke in the least had I not had a cold. It made me cough."

"Of co'se," he assented, suavely. "It seems ve'y thoughtless of me. Can yo' fohgivc me?"

"Certainly. Don't take it so much to heart. Your cigarettes sent me to bed earlier than I should have gone otherwise, and I had a long night's rest. So, you see, Mr. Delacroix, I am the better for the

little experience." She turned away, as if that were all.

"Ah'm glad of thet, anyhow." And then: "Yo' seem toe know mah name?"

"Yes," she replied, hurriedly; "I—I—heard some one call you by name this morning."

"Hm," he said. "Ah hev been tryin' all day, by thuh way, toe fin' some one Ah know who knows yo', but Ah was unsuccessful, as yo' see."

"Well, we know each other now," she said, carelessly.

"Yass," he said, eagerly, "an' may Ah hope in thuh futuh——"

"Yes; you may," she replied, with a smile.

"What may Ah hope?" he asked, quickly.

"Oh——" said she, picking up her skirts and starting to go, "almost anything."

She had reached the middle of the road, but he was beside her again in a bound.

"May Ah begin now? Mah Ah go back toe thuh hotel with yo'?"

"No, not that; that is one of the things I put the 'almost' in to cover. We have not been seen together, you know. People will talk at these winter hotels about the veriest trifle, and if you went in with me now the whole of Pass Christian would be talking about me in the morning. Take a walk down the road for a while. I am going up to the hotel."

He bent over the hand she held out to him, and stood still, in the middle of the road, watching her out of the tail of his eye, until a bend hid her from view. He commenced to laugh as he started down the road.

"Ah'm ve'y much inclined toe think, mah frien's," he said, to the palmettos that lined his path, "thet thuh lady registuhed at thuh Mexican Gulf Hotel as 'Mrs. James Broxton Wilson, of Chicago,' was quite as anxious toe know youah good frien', Randolph Delacroix, as he has been since thuh minute he saw huh toe know huh!" He laughed immoderately.

"Heahed some one call me by name, she says," he continued, singling out and speaking to a particular palmetto with upraised finger, "an' toe mah suhtain knowledge she has not been within heahin' distance once when any one was speakin' toe me since Ah arrived heah at 'thuh Pass' last night! Ah'd bet a ten-dolluh note toe a tohn two-cent postage-stamp she got mah name wheah Ah got huhs—from one of thuh hotel cluhks! Aw—haw—haw—haw! Good! Oh-h-h—good!"

He stumbled over a stone. It was becoming darker. He put his hand to his ear for a second, as the incoming tide took on its deeper tone.

Retracing his steps, he returned to the hotel, where he went to his room and changed his white linen costume for evening clothes.

Coming downstairs again, he passed through the inclosed conservatory at one end of the veranda, shut off from the dining-room by the lines of palms that overflowed the limits of the artificial garden. The musicians were tuning their violins preparatory to beginning the opening air of the dinner concert. He wandered through the plants and flowers, and out on the veranda, and back again through the open windows, to the lobby, with his eyes on the alert.

Finally, he saw her entering one of the windows farther down the room. He reached her just in time to take from her hand the wrap she removed from her shoulders. "Ah shall sit at youah table," he said, quietly.

"I think——" she began.

"With oh without youah consent," he said, masterfully.

She placed her hand on his arm.

"I wonder you are not embarrassed at all this kindness," she said, demurely, as soon as they were seated.

"Yo' cahn't embarrass a Creole, yo' know," he said, with his eyes on the table napkin as was unfolding.

"Why?" she asked.

"Mah native modesty fohbids thet Ah should say why, but Ah will repeat the sayin' thet they ah such ve'y intelligent people thet they ah nevuh at a loss foh a reply."

"So I am at last face to face with a real live Creole, then," she exclaimed, looking at him with affected care; "but, do you know, Mr. Delacroix, it is the first time I ever heard one of them speak of his 'native modesty.' I thought that, like their prototypes, the Gascons of France, modesty was the last virtue given to them and that they had so many others that one was crowded out!"

"No-o-o," he replied, laughing; "thet is a slight mistake. Modesty was the fuhst vihtue given us an' we hev so many othubs thet it is hidden by them!"

"I believe that. I am glad to believe it. I am encouraged to relate to you a little story of a Creole that might interest you."

"Go on," he said, smiling.

She waited for the servants to step back from the table again.

"Well," she began, "a young widow I know who was very lonely and unhappy, one day came to this hotel for a rest. When she had been here, where she knew no one, for about a week, she got too much of it. She never danced in the veranda or played whist in the lobby, as the other people here do, and her sole diversion consisted of long walks or drives in the beach road. Unless one is very happy, perhaps, that road is a very gloomy place.

"In short," she began again, at the conclusion of another table service interruption, "her life here was as disconnected as this recital of it must be. Every night, when the train came in and still no one she knew arrived, she went to bed and told herself she would leave in the morning. It was—well, it was really awful."

"Yass," he agreed. "Ah wish Ah hed known huh," he added, impersonally.

She began to laugh behind her table-napkin. He started, and glanced up.

"Oh!" he said. Pushing his plate aside, he leaned forward on the table with folded hands.

"Continue!" he asked.

"Well," she resumed, "last night—I mean the last night—some one did arrive. She didn't know him, but as soon as she saw him she intended to. She liked him immediately. Listen, now! The amusing part is to come. After dinner she

settled herself down out there in the lobby. She was in a very unenviable mood. For one thing, she had a cold and she was almost afraid to remain downstairs for fear of drafts. On the other hand, she wanted to remain, because she hoped to—to—to make an acquaintance. He was in the lobby, too, and after a while it seemed to her that every time she looked up he was gazing in her direction. Still, as she said to herself, she didn't know him. So, in a fit of temper, she turned her back upon him, and recklessly seated herself before one of the open windows. Happening to glance to the side, at one of the mirror panels between the window-frames, she saw him leave his chair and go over to the cigar-stand, where he purchased a package of cigarettes."

"Cigarettes!" he said. "Well! Well!" He sank back in his chair.

He glanced at her swiftly from under his eyelashes, as she paused.

"Hev—hev—eh—anothuh crackuh!" he urged, hunting over the table with his eyes. "Hev some moh cheese! Hev some moh coffee!"

"No, thank you," she replied. She was shaking with laughter. "Yes, cigarettes," she resumed; "and he came back, and, still lookin' at him in the panel, which he had probably forgotten, she saw him pull his chair this way and that, and even go so far as to stealthily hold up his finger, which he moistened on his tongue, to find out exactly the line of draft between himself and the open window. Then he lighted a cigarette, and the smoke floated over to her and in her face, making her cough. He must have used about a dozen of them, lighting one after another. Finally, being unable to endure it any longer, she arose and swept past him on her way upstairs, coughing and choking, with her handkerchief to her mouth. And as she passed him, he had the audacity to smile!"

He also began to laugh, as he held up his hands and commenced to quote:

"Mea culpa, mea culpa——"

"Through your most grievous fault," she finished for him; "is that what you would say? I—well, yes—I was the girl. I am glad, however, that you came to me and apologized for the—eh—ah—acci-

dent." She closed her fan with a click, as she prepared to rise.

"Come," he said, as they arose from the table; "Ah will tek yo' toe thuh palm gyahden, an' we'll talk, if yo' like, 'en bas les palmiers,' as we say."

She placed her hand on his arm.

"What does that mean?" she asked.

"Oh! Why, it's Creole. It means—ah—'under thuh palms.'"

"Of course. But what else?"

"Ah beg youah pahdon," he said, quickly. "Ah should not hev said it. Ah hev not known yo' long enough. It slipped me. One fohgets, at times."

"I forgive you. I am curious to know, so tell me."

"It cannot be Anglicized. We use it as thuh equivalent of 'meahly a flutation.' Yo' must pahdon me."

"Merely a flirtation!" she said.

"You Creoles are very daring to treat a speech like that so very lightly."

"We treat ev'ythin' lightly, excep' thuh women we love an' thuh men we hate," he answered, epigrammatically.

"Well, then," she said, as they walked slowly to and fro in the conservatory, "according to you, this is 'en bas les palmiers' in two ways, I suppose?" She glanced at the palms above their heads.

"Yo' should hev been a Creole! It is yo' who ah dahin'!" he said.

"Am I? But, answer my question."

"In two ways? Yass—so fah!" he replied.

She turned away, and seated herself in a rocking-chair, beckoning him to one of its companions.

"Come; be comfortable," she said.

He sat down and began to twist together a thin little cigarette.

"Out heah in thuh aih it won' mek yo' cough. May Ah?" he asked, as he prepared to light it.

She nodded, as she watched his rapid white fingers.

"What do you do besides smoke cigarettes perfectly? Tell me abou' yourself," she said, leaning forward.

"About mahse'ff? Theah is nothin' toe tell. Ah'm Ranolph Delacroix."

"Is that the whole story? Is there nothing else?"

"Oh, well, ve'y li'l," he said, dubi-

ously. "Ah smoke a li'l, read a li'l, fahm a li'l back heah on thuh Wolf River, yacht a li'l, an'—an'—Ah think thet's all."

"Good gracious!" she said.

"Oh, well, Ah love mah mothuh, yo' know. Thet teks considuhable of mah time. Foh instance, she has nevuh been toe thuh City of Mexico, an' Ah'm goin' toe tek huh as fah as Vera Cruz in mah yacht. She's comin' ovuh to-morrow from New Orleans. How—ah—would yo' like toe join us? Would yo' like it, do yo' think?"

"Who, I? I'd be delighted. You are very kind."

"Well, we'll talk about it when mah mothuh comes."

"But—I was thinking. For instance, you don't know me. I might be a very undesirable sort of a person."

"Ah was comin' toe thet. Tell me—ah—tell me about youahse'f."

"About myself? There is very little to tell, just as you answered. Besides, I think I have told you considerable."

"Ah, yass. About thuh loneliness—an'—an' thuh unhappiness."

"Yes," she replied.

Bit by bit, as they sat there under the palms, above her laughter and banter and beneath her still, small sighs, he chanced across the tangled threads of the skein of her life. It was not in words that she told him of her marriage of convenience to a man she had never loved, and of the joy that was hers at the release his death had brought, nor was it in words he learned of her dread of her coming second marriage to a man of her dead husband's choice, to whose fortune he thus tried to join the estate he left behind. As she spoke on, idly and at random, in his ears the music of her voice displaced the songs of the sea and the tones of the dancers' guitars. He had no need of words to conjure before his eyes a picture of what her life had been and another of what it would be.

"Speaking of voyages," she had said, "I must soon return home. My new matrimonial voyage begins in June."

He noticed the quiver in her voice, and turned away to the Sound and the view of the yachts silhouetted in the moonlight.

"Good-night," she said, abruptly. "I am going in."

"Cigahettes not drivin' yo' away to-night?" he asked, anxiously.

"No. But, I am not a good companion to-night; so, I leave you."

"Yo' won't let me be thuh judge?" he asked, eagerly.

"No, not to-night. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make up my mind to-night whether I shall meet you in the beach road to-morrow morning for a walk before breakfast."

"Oh!" he said. "Thank you! Ah shall be theah in eithuh event."

"Good-night," she said.

Raising his hat, he bowed, and stood watching her out of sight.

"Ah wonduh—if Ah's mekin"—anothuh fool of mahse'f!" he muttered, punctuating his words with rings of smoke.

"Bah!" he said, shrugging his shoulders. "En bas les palmiers!" He turned around and went to his room, where, standing before his mirror, he asked his reflection in the glass if there really was such a wonderful thing as "love at first sight"; exactly as she, before her own glass, asked herself the same question—although he, of course, knew nothing of that.

As they rounded a curve in the beach road on the return from the walk in the morning, they came within view of the anchorage on the Sound, where a large white modern screw-steamer was making a berth.

"Look!" she said; "what a beautiful yacht!"

"Yass; she is pretty," he said. "Come with me."

He led her out on the pier, and drew a little chain and whistle from beneath the waistcoat of his yachting costume.

"She has just arrived," he said, looking the vessel over carefully. He sounded a shrill little blast on the whistle. "Thet's a boat-call," he added.

"Is that your yacht?" she asked.

"Yass; thet's thuh 'Louisiana,'" he said. "Ah'll show yo' ovuh huh, an' we'll tek breakfas' on board, if yo' like. Mah mothuh is theah, yo' know."

He watched the boat come dancing over the water. "Rathuh a good-lookin' set of men, ah they not?" he said.

"They certainly are," she answered, scanning them attentively, as the boat headed in for the stage at the pier. "Character in every one of their faces. Are they all like that? The whole crew?"

"Thuh whole crew," he replied. "A picked lot, of co'se. Thuh crew of mah yacht, but—mah puhsonal frien'a, ev'y one. Thuh most of them hev been with me evuh since Ah had a yacht. Thet was when Ah was sixteen yeaahs old. Some of them wuh legacies—they sailed unduh mah fathuh in his yachtin' days."

His eyes traveled to and fro between the yacht and the boat.

"We wuh talkin' this mawnin' of bein' tiahed," he resumed. "Ah hev sometimes thought, when Ah was moh than usually tiahed of thuh life Ah lead, thet with men like thet Ah could easily get up a li'l excitement. Ah think Ah'd like toe be a pirate. Ah'm not jokin', yo' know."

She smiled. "The trouble is, you wouldn't last very long in these days of fast government vessels."

"Thuh 'Louisiana' is a ve'y fast steamuh," he said, gravely.

"Are we arguing?" she asked. "Non-sense!"

The boat had reached the stage, and a letter was handed to him.

"It's from mah mothuh. Ah wouduh what's up," he said, as he obtained her permission to open it.

"Heah's youah trip spoiled!" he said, as he read. "She cyahn't go. She's had toe go toe New York with a friend of huhs whose daughtuh has been taken ill theah. It's too bad. We cyahn't tek a yachtin' trip alone togethuh, yo' know."

They returned to the hotel, putting off the inspection of the vessel until later, and, after breakfast, she lost sight of him.

Chancing across her just before luncheon, in the beach road, he told her he had visited his yacht to arrange some affairs, his mother's non-arrival, he said, having made a difference in his plans.

At luncheon she accepted his invitation to spend the afternoon on board the vessel. He had some transplanted palms he wished to show her, and they were to take a run over the Sound.

Boarding the steamer with him in the

afternoon, she found a bower of palms had been arranged upon the afterdeck, where, after glancing over the yacht, she seated herself with a sigh of content as the vessel got under way and steamed out across the Sound.

It had grown late. They sat in silence until they came abreast of and passed the Chandeleurs; as they watched the January sun sink down beyond the distant horizon in a blaze of light.

"Ah think youah idea of mahyin' thet man a ve'y foolish one!" he said, abruptly.

"I shall inevitably marry him, nevertheless, just as I told you during our walk this morning. My relatives insist upon it, for one thing. Love has very little to do with marriages."

"Has it?" he said.

"Yes. You evidently have had very little experience with such things, or you would not speak so positively. Besides, it is too late to change anything."

"Is it?" he said.

"Yes. He arrives at Pass Christian this afternoon to take me home."

"Does he?" he said.

"Yes. Why, then, is the idea of marrying him a foolish one?"

"Because Ah'm heah toe tell yo' so," he replied, accenting the first pronoun.

She glanced away, and then up at the luxuriant and beautiful foliage of the palms above her head.

"Yo' don't say 'in two ways,' this time," he remarked.

"I think it, nevertheless. You are here, yes. Here, 'en bas les palmiers,'" she said.

A gong commenced to sound the hour. He waited for the last stroke before replying. Far up the deck they could also hear the quartermaster repeat a changed course as he received it from an officer. The yacht, altering its course and leaving the Islands far away in the distance, raced on into the open sea.

"He may be there when I get back," she went on. "Don't you think we had better return? It is twilight now."

"Ah don't think yo' appreciated what Ah said about thuh speed of this yacht, this mawnin'. It has not taken us ve'y long toe come out heah, has it? An' it

wouldn't tek us ve'y long toe get back, if we wuh toe staht toe retuhn."

"If?" she said.

"Yass. 'If,'" he said. "Yo' know," he continued, "Ah'm thuh soht of man thet always does what he wants toe do. Yo' may not believe me, but Ah was sayin' toe mahse'f all thuh mawnin' thet nothin' on eahth could prevent me from mahyin' yo', as long as Ah had made up mah min' toe do so."

"Oh!" she said. "You have quite decided, then?"

"Yass," he replied.

"And how do you propose to accomplish your intention, if I may ask?"

"Well, Ah could abduct yo', if Ah had toe. Thet's one way."

"Abduct me!"

"Yass. In case of necessity, yo' unduhstan'."

She laughed. "It is perfectly feasible to do that, I suppose?" she said.

"Suhtainly; puffuckly," he said.

"Shall Ah tell yo' how Ah would go about it? Yes?"

"Well, in thuh fuhst place," he continued, "Ah would mek a preliminary visit toe mah yacht, an' hev ev'ythin' put in readiness. Then Ah would ask yo' toe tek a run ovuh thuh Sound in thuh vessel. Then Ah would send a man back toe thuh hotel with a note orduhin' youah trunks sent toe mah house in New Orleans. Then——"

"Good gracious! Don't!" she said.

"You make me shudder."

"I do not think you should jest so," she added. "The subject is not agreeable to me, under the circumstances. No. I do not like your jests."

"Jests?" he said, with upraised eyebrows, as he called a sailor.

She looked at him uneasily.

"Ask Mr. Crawford toe step heah a moment, if he is not too busy," he said, when the man came.

The yacht was headed south. Not a breath of air was stirring. The evening was calm and the surface of the sea as smooth as glass, and the early moon cast

its red glory over the quiet southern skies and the still waters of the sapphire sea. Over the side of the vessel the porpoises were rising from the Gulf, flashing through the air, and descending into the sea, again and again, as they dashed on after the yacht.

"Mr. Crawford," he said to the officer, as he approached, "yo' changed youah course a li'l while ago. Please tell me what lightship we shall see fuhst, now."

"We have passed everything, now, sir," she heard him reply.

"Ah know; but thuh next one we see. Which will thet be?"

"Cape San Antonio, Cuba, the course I am steering. I shall keep well to the east going through the Yucatan Channel."

"An' youah fuhst poht?"

"Caracas, Venezuela, you said, sir."

"Thank yo'."

"Is anything wrong? Is anything to be changed?"

"No, theah is nothin' wrong. Ah will let yo' know in fifteen minutes whethuh anythin' is toe be changed."

"Very good, sir," the officer replied, turning away.

She was gazing away, down the deck, with studied care.

"Yo' see Ah was not jestin'," he said, gently, as he arose. He folded his arms and leaned against the guard-rail beside her, as he waited for her to speak.

"Will you go and find me some sort of a wrap?" she asked, at length. "I am afraid of the night air."

Leaving her, as she asked, he went for the wrap, and, after a search, returned with one of his coats.

He enveloped her in its folds, and then knelt beside her chair.

"Ah must go an' find Crawford directly," he said, possessing himself of her hands.

"Must you?" she asked.

"Yass. Ah hev toe tell him whethuh anythin' is toe be changed. Is theah?"

"It is too late to change anything, is it not?" she said.



THE WORK OF A GREAT CARTOONIST.

BY LLOYD MCK. GARRISON.

FRANCIS GILBERT ATTWOOD

died on April 30th last, at Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, where he was born, September 29, 1856. His life had been so secluded that his death passed almost unnoticed. Yet, in a certain aspect, he was a national personage, and his premature end, a public calamity. For the influence they exert on men and events, caricaturists seldom receive appreciation in their lifetime. Mr. Thomas Nast and Sir John Tenniel, who have outlived many of the quarrels in which they dealt such heavy blows, are now enjoying a sort of posthumous reputation. It was not so with Attwood. He died in the harness, the passions of his last fights still hot about him. It is the aim of this sketch to recall what he wrought, and to claim the position that will in due time be conceded him.



FRANCIS GILBERT ATTWOOD.

Of his life, apart from what appears in his work, little need be said. He entered Harvard College with the class of 1878, remained three years and left without taking a degree. He died unmarried. At Harvard he began his career by founding (in 1876), with John T. Wheelwright, Edmund M. Wheelwright, Edward S. Martin and Frederic J. Stimson ("J. S. of Dale"), the famous "Harvard Lampoon." The stars may have thrown abler collegians together, but never wittier ones. They made the "Lampoon" original and brilliant. With them it

ended; but others revived it, after a year's interim, and it continues to this day (although with varying fortunes) not only the most interesting college paper in America, but our oldest humorous periodical of any sort. The original "Lampoon" contained two serials that have since run through many editions: "Rollo's Journey to Cambridge" and "Manners and Customs of ye Harvard Student." The first was a localized parody of the "Rollo Books," which so perfectly caught the pompous dullness of the originals that it cut their pious author to the quick. Attwood's illustrations



were altogether in the vein, and simply bubbling with fun. The "Manners and Customs" is an undergraduate classic. No similar work has ever approached it in scope or execution. The style of Richard Doyle reappeared in Attwood as if by a reincarnation. What Doyle had done for London, he did for Cambridge. The customary life of the college—its studies, games, ceremonies and festivities are all pictured here in pages teeming with tiny figures in outline, who, although the customs of the period have mainly altered, are still full of life, because the artist understood, like the great-hearted author of "Pendennis," the traits that belong to undergraduates of all time.

The Hasty Pudding Club made Attwood its "artist"; and till his death he continued to serve it gratis whenever asked. In 1895, he drew some capital illustrations to his friend Wheelwright's Centennial Poem for the club; and, in 1897, an elaborate title-page for a book of its plays.

After leaving Harvard, he studied drawing—in order to acquire a little more assurance of line and skill in composition—first with Dr. William Rimmer; then at the



HEADPIECE ILLUSTRATING "THE FOUR WAYS OF DELIVERING AN ADDRESS," BY BRANDER MATTHEWS, IN THE COSMOPOLITAN, JULY, 1893.

Boston Art Museum's school. During this time and until the foundation of "Life," in 1883, he was engaged in desultory illustrating. From then on, he was perpetually busy. He illustrated books and magazines—among them THE COSMOPOLITAN, to which he gave his best efforts; but his greatest reputation was made as a contributor to "Life." In its volumes, now extending over nearly twenty years, are to be found examples of everything he did best.



"COUNTRYMEN OF OURS WHO SHOW THEMSELVES SO OVER-APPRECIATIVE OF BRITISH DELIGHTS," FROM "IN THE WORLD OF ARTS AND LETTERS," IN THE COSMOPOLITAN, APRIL, 1896.



HEADPIECE ILLUSTRATING "DE JUVENTUTE," BY JOHN BRISSEN WALKER, IN THE COSMOPOLITAN, SEPTEMBER, 1896.

As an artist, Attwood was by instinct a decorator and a miniaturist. As a mere draftsman he had few equals in the certainty of his line. Slovenly work he abhorred, preferring to elaborate even the most trivial subject. There is no trace in his work of "hinting" at an "effect"—nothing uncompleted or unexplained. At first he clung to what we may call his Doyle pattern—nor ever wholly deserted it; but when the half-tone process, unknown when he began, permitted the suggestion of color by bold handling of black and white, he more and more devoted himself to elaborating small cartoons in-

stead of projecting panoramas in outline. One may fancy that what he most preferred was to work out intricate borders, initial letters or title-pages, where a swarm of little figures, usually children, pursued each other through a maze of vines or scrollwork, finished with the care of a monkish parchment. Here, too, the inheritance of Doyle in him spoke unmistakably.

One of the best examples of his cartoons in outline is a double-page for "Life" in 1887, devoted to the Queen's Jubilee procession. It extends across the page as three sections of a frieze, drawn with the



ILLUSTRATION FROM "HOW SUCCESSFUL PLAYS ARE BUILT," BY JOSEPH BROOKS, IN THE COSMOPOLITAN, JUNE, 1895.



HEADPIECE TO "A FOOL'S PARADISE," BY WOLF SCHIERBRAND, IN THE COSMOPOLITAN, FEBRUARY, 1897.

utmost detail, correctness and sobriety. First comes a platoon of "bobbies"; then the Horse Guards; a wain bearing "unsold copies of the Queen's literary work for distribution among the populace." Next, "the Choir-Boys of Westminster, led by Lord Tennyson," preceding the Queen on a state chariot; the Prince of Wales as chairman of the Jubilee Fund, and the "Dowered and Pensioned Rela-

tives of the Queen [twenty-four abreast] headed by the Duke of Cambridge." Last of all, in satiric climax, nine floats, presenting "Glories of the Reign," each preceded by a standard-bearer, respectively heralding tableaux of an Irish Eviction, Scandals in Society, the Egyptian War, Beaconsfield and Jingoism, Alliance with Southern Slavery, the Alabama Affair, the Entente with Napoleon III., the



"ERIC THE RED," ILLUSTRATING "IS POLAR RESEARCH REMUNERATIVE?" BY E. W. NYE, IN THE COSMOPOLITAN, MAY, 1895.



HEADPIECE TO "COLLEGE FRATERNITIES," BY P. F. PIPER, IN THE COSMOPOLITAN, APRIL, 1897.

Opium War and the Execution of a Sepoy. Upward of a hundred and fifty complete figures are to be found in this picture, each drawn with the closest attention to details of costume, and the expressiveness that Attwood could impart to the tiniest of faces. As a mere tour de force, regardless of the fairness of the caricature, this is a remarkable piece of

drawing, yet done with so little visible effort as to attract small notice from a public that applauds Mr. Phil May's slapdash sketches.

In the same style is a panorama of Bunker Hill, for June, 1886. On the right is the redoubt, where Putnam, Prescott and Warren are directing the troops. On the left, the housetops of Boston, and British

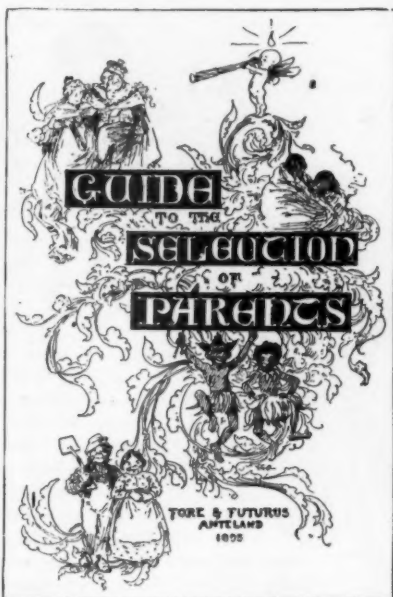


"A FEELING RISING IN MANY MINDS TO SOMETHING APPROACHING PASSION," ILLUSTRATING "IN THE WORLD OF ART AND LETTERS," IN THE COSMOPOLITAN, APRIL, 1896.

officers watching the embarkation. Between the two forces lies the fleet, with boatloads of apprehensive soldiers heading for the Charlestown shore. The whole scene is animated and dignified; and, though conceived in the spirit of an old print, without proportion or perspective, is so ingeniously put together as to be convincing.

Bunker Hill was a favorite subject for Attwood. So were the Fourth of July, Memorial Day, and other anniversaries. St. Patrick's Day nearly always suggested a comic procession to him. Sometimes he struck a deeper note, as at the time of the dynamite outrages in 1884-5, and made the 17th of March an occasion for cutting satire: but on the whole, he liked the Irish—their humor was his; and his cavalcades would not offend the most loyal Irishman. In 1889 he made use of the rainy inauguration of President Harrison instead of his usual March theme—a procession, as he presents it, still more comic. "The glorious Fourth" he celebrated in a number of original ways. For instance, Mrs. Bull as an innkeeper reads with amazement her small daughter's declaration of independence, while she stands tapping her foot, defiantly, in front of the old home, bundle in hand; or Young America waves the Declaration across the water to George III. and Lord North.

A fitting corollary to these patriotic



REDUCED FROM "THE CHOICE OF PARENTS," BY I. ZANGWILL, IN THE COSMOPOLITAN, DECEMBER, 1895.

jubilations is an ironical cartoon of 1896—"All's Well That Ends Well." Mr. Olney and Lord Salisbury bow graciously under the rainbow of "Arbitration." The Eagle screams in the air, and the Lion fawns against Mr. Olney's leg.



HEADPIECE TO "WOMAN'S ECONOMIC PLACE," BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON, IN THE COSMOPOLITAN, JULY, 1899.



HEADPIECE TO "THE GREAT AND SMALL OF FAMILY TREES," BY A. L. BENEDICT, IN THE COSMOPOLITAN, JANUARY, 1893.

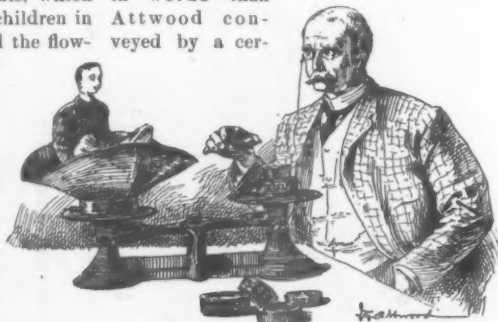
In his drawings of domestic life, Attwood was characterized by close observation, humor and sympathy. His types are native American—perhaps a little more New England than otherwise, but wholly genuine. He delighted in complacent papas, benignant mothers, ambitious youngsters, dear little brides, and, above all, in children and babies. He uses them wherever he can—for decoration, to excite sympathy or pity, or to stimulate generosity. Rich, poor, white, black, comfortable or unfortunate, it was the same to him; but he liked best to draw children full of life and enjoyment—sledding, skating, dancing about a Christmas-tree, stopping their ears over fire-crackers, or marching in procession with flags and drums. In his cartoons of the month's events, which we shall touch later, he used children in appropriate decoration as he did the flowers of the season or the zodiacal signs.

He also had a fine sense for fairies, gnomes, animals of all sorts, dolls, and heathen images. He would personify the nations as the most delightful of puppets, each in appropriate costume; and embody a public policy he detested as an abhorrent joss or totem-pole. He remembered his college with affection; and for her sake he was indul-

gent to undergraduates, their sports, their academic festivals and vaulting ambitions.

His work for THE COSMOPOLITAN contains many examples of these traits. Such are the heading and vignette for an article on college fraternities; the marionettes presenting the finale of a stock-comedy; the Anglomaniac at worship; the modern lad riding a hobbled Pegasus; his collegian sister tilting at Castle Prejudice; and the inquisitive American who has climbed his family tree only to find there an inharmonious company—the village sot jostling a scandalized Beau—the Admiral of the Queen's navee shrinking away from a Puritan farmer.

He loved the artless and ingenuous. No one ever surpassed him in depicting pure innocence; and no one, either, in giving to a face a look of complacency or hauteur. His caricatures of Matthew Arnold are infinitely well-bred. Yet no more biting contempt for him could be expressed in words than Attwood conveyed by a cer-



HEADPIECE TO "THE EMPLOYER AND THE YOUNG MAN," BY EDWARD W. BOK, IN THE COSMOPOLITAN, APRIL, 1894.

tain lift of the eyebrow and curl of the lip that he put into these pictures. His vignette in this magazine of the plebeian and the ducal lion depicts with equal simplicity the extremes of arrogance and servility.

Attwood passionately hated baseness of any nature; but above all, because he was genuine and modest himself, did he despise show, pretense or humbug. With "queer people" like the esthetes, the Concord School of Philosophy and the Farmers' Alliance, he was merely playful. With sanctimonious clergymen, covetous missionaries, bribe-giving capitalists, corrupt Senators and social snobs, he was severe. He devised a comic heraldry that for a time had wide success and was later adopted (and, it must be confessed, improved on) by Mr. E. T. Reed, of "Punch." One of his cartoons represents Mr. John D. Long mounted on a stepladder, hanging upon the statue of Lincoln a coat of arms and pedigree. It is entitled, "Making Him Respectable." Some harmless patronage of Lincoln's ancestors in an address by Governor Long provoked this spirited protest.

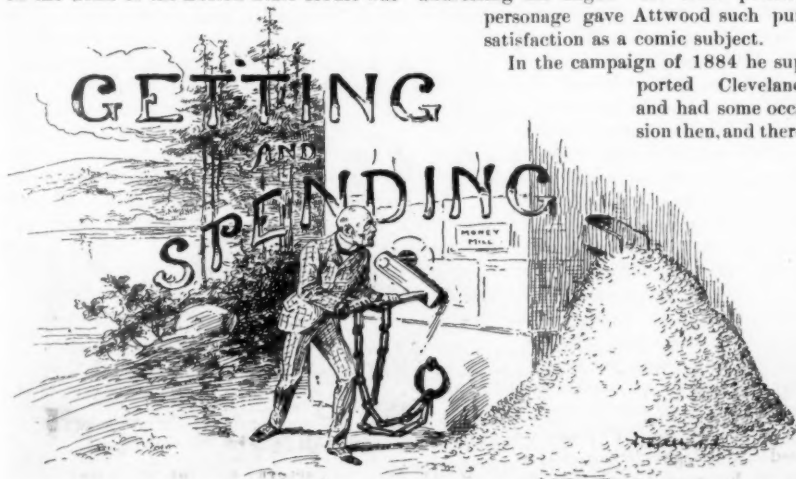
We have left to the last, as Attwood's greatest work, his political and moral caricature. He began while at college lampooning Benjamin F. Butler. A cartoon representing him crowned and enthroned on the dome of the Boston State House was

Attwood's first contribution to "Life"; and he pursued Butler, while he lived, with playful satire, there being in him that unctuous charlatanry which Attwood most delighted to satirize, joined with a countenance that lent itself readily to caricature. He burlesqued him in an infinity of ways—as the Ancient Mariner, as Cincinnatus, as a capitalist, a minstrel, a reformer, a sober swell, a hero on horseback, a highwayman, as a beggar with hand outstretched—"I am hungry, please drop a nomination in this hat"; "in his element," twirling a shillalah and shouting defiance amid a shower of bricks, and as "Abou Ben Butler," complacently addressing the angel. No other political personage gave Attwood such pure satisfaction as a comic subject.

In the campaign of 1884 he supported Cleveland, and had some occasion then, and there.



DETAIL OF HEADPIECE TO "THE WOMAN OF TO-DAY AND OF TO-MORROW," BY HARRY THURSTON PECK, IN THE COSMOPOLITAN, JUNE, 1899.



HEADPIECE TO "GETTING AND SPENDING," BY FRANK MORGAN, IN THE COSMOPOLITAN, JUNE, 1897.



"THE STEREOPTICON FIELD." REDUCED FROM "IS POLAR RESEARCH REMUNERATIVE?" IN THE COSMOPOLITAN, MAY, 1895.

after, to lampoon Blaine. He recognized both the cleverness and the sham in him; and came much nearer the truth in working a something cunning and unscrupulous into his face than did those who brutally drew him as "the tattooed man." His picture of Blaine and Logan whistling to keep up their courage on top of a volcano is excellent fooling. "I say, Jim, it seems to me as if I heard a sort of rumbling and a grumbling." "Pooh, pooh, Jack, it's your imagination."

In January, 1887, Attwood contributed to "Life" a summary of the month's events, in the form of a decorative border to some brief text. For thirteen years after, this monthly epitome of the world's happenings, great and little, was continued, almost without a break. After a while, the text dropped out and the drawing became more and more elaborate—the thought more and more sympathetic and profound. Attwood drew other cartoons, till the time of his death, but less numerously than before. In "The Month" he had found his unique place of vantage, from which to display what was memorable, bright or amusing—or to pelt the base, false or cruel.

We are promised a volume of these caricatures some day. They will be interesting and valuable. Attwood was a master of por-

traiture in petto. No one could better seize the lineaments of a face and impart to them whatever emotion, good or bad, he desired to depict. Into this gallery of notables he put nearly all the great or conspicuous men of the hour. From abroad, he introduced the Pope, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the two Czars, the old Kaiser and his grandson, Franz Josef, Humbert with his fierce mustachios, the Queen Regent of Spain and her little son, and the Sultan, whom Attwood hated as much as he hated anybody. Gladstone and Bismarck are often met there—Crispi, Rudini, Carnot, Félix Faure, Boulanger, Balfour, Chamberlain, Lord Salisbury; the Irish party, Parnell, Dillon, Davitt, O'Brien and McCarthy; and many lesser persons. From our own country, it is fair to say that not a politician of note has failed to figure there at one time or another. With these purely political personages are mingled soldiers and sailors—such as Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, Miles, Lawton, Dewey and Sampson; literary men, such as Lowell, Holmes and G. W. Curtis; President Eliot; and an all-embracing and incongruous company—Bishop Potter, Henry George, Doctor McGlynn, Frederick Douglass, Ward McAllister, Jay Gould, Cyrus Field, Carl Schurz, Murat Halstead, Jefferson Davis, and ephemeridæ like Barnum, Buffalo Bill, Coxey, and Sullivan the prize-fighter. The miscellaneous company from abroad is equally mixed—the Marquis of Lorne, Queen Kapiolani, Lord Wolseley, Kipling, Alfred Austin, Zola, Coquelin,

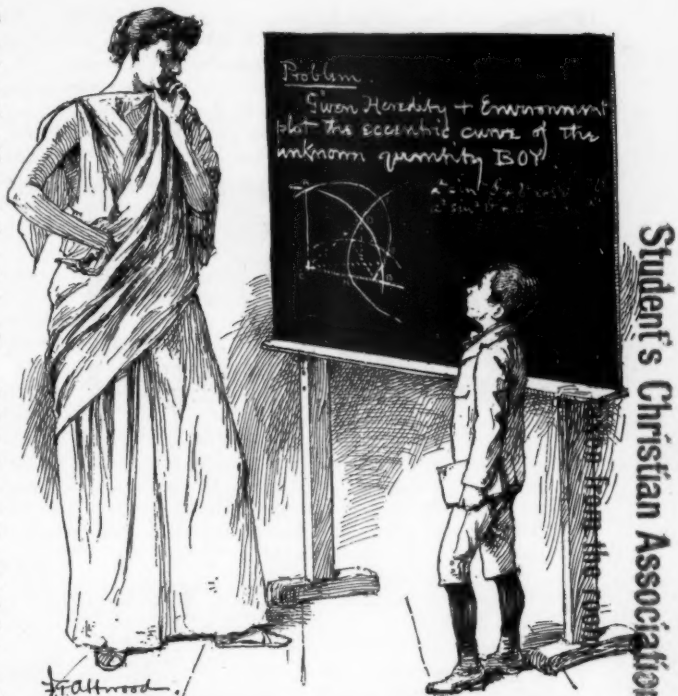


ILLUSTRATING "IN THE WORLD OF ART AND LETTERS," IN THE COSMOPOLITAN, JULY, 1896.

Jane Hading, Sarah Bernhardt, Irving, Terry, Lord Randolph Churchill, Dreyfus, Cecil Rhodes, Jameson, Krüger, Menelek, Li Hung Chang, H. M. Stanley, Weyler, and those two seekers after immortality, now almost forgotten—Doctor Brown-Séquard of the elixir, and Doctor Koch of the lymph!

On this page were chronicled with just selection the principal events of the month past—wars, treaties, public ceremonies, political acts, legal decisions, social happenings; great calamities, such as the cholera or the Johnstown flood; scientific discoveries, such as the X rays; and the deaths of famous men—the two Kaisers, Bismarck, Carnot, Sherman, Sheridan, Lowell, Parnell—commemorated reverently, by a garland, a palm, or a folded banner.

Some of these little caricatures are masterpieces of expressiveness. "Trying to Muzzle the Big Bow-wow" completely sums up the relations between the young Kaiser and Bismarck. A cartoon almost equally good represents the old gentleman letting an awesome black cat ("state secrets") out of a bag before his disturbed master. Other pictures of "That Troublesome Roosevelt Boy" breaking in on President Harrison with a demand for stricter enforcement of the civil service act; tightening a lasso about his unfortunate chief

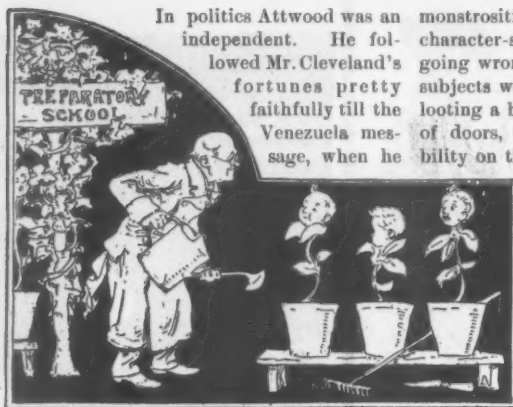


ILLUSTRATING "A DISCOURSE ON BOYS," BY DANIEL COIT GILMAN, IN THE COSMOPOLITAN, FEBRUARY, 1892.

while Mahone drags on another; or fighting Commissioner Parker as a gamecock, for Senator Platt's edification—tell their stories with like terseness.

Attwood had a good command of the classics. He often made contemporary characters into Greeks or Romans. "Hill-ium fuit" was his epitaph on Governor Hill in 1892. "The endless chain," in his cartoon, becomes "The Oceanides of Wall Street" trying to fill a bottomless urn with gold. The "sick man" of Turkey is shown sitting up in his coffin, similar in hand, skulls strewn about him—"an unconscionable time dying." The Lion, and the Eagles of Germany and Russia, look hesitantly on.

As illustrating Attwood's genius it may not be out of place to relate here the story of the illustration of one article. The editor of THE COSMOPOLITAN wrote President Gilman, asking if he would permit the illustration of an article on the education of youth. He naturally replied that the article did not seem to him a likely one for the artist's pencil. "There is a man in Boston who can," wrote the editor, "without trespassing on your territory, add something to the interest of this article." A consent was reluctantly given. Subsequently President Gilman wrote expressing his warm appreciation of Attwood's work. The above example fairly illustrates Mr. Attwood's wonderful originality and ability to grasp a subject.—EDITOR.



ILLUSTRATING "A DISCOURSE ON BOYS," BY DANIEL COIT GILMAN, IN THE COSMOPOLITAN, FEBRUARY, 1892.

represented him as Bombastes Furioso. In his latter days he was opposed to both Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan. His animating motives were humanitarian and his sympathies went out to the despised of all races and classes, the weak, oppressed, unfortunate and incapable, regardless of politics. His method was to strike a head wherever he saw it, provided only the fellow were a bully, a cheat or an impostor.

We are living in an age of gross and beastly caricature. Perhaps for the purpose of publishing libels so broad that no one could mistake their meaning, our newspaper cartoonists exaggerate their victims' facial and physical peculiarities, till their pictures possess no equivalent in speech but foul language and cursing. Attwood appealed to nothing but refined sentiments. He never stripped a shuffling politician of his broadcloth or a magnate of his evening dress, nor turned them into misshapen

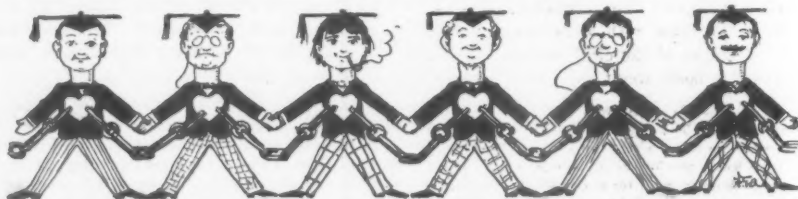
monstrosities. His aim was to make a character-study—say, of Doctor Jekyll going wrong; and the worse the deed his subjects were engaged in, bribing a voter, looting a bank, turning a poor family out of doors, the more the gloss of respectability on them heightened the irony of the satire. No man that ever lived excelled Attwood in this urbanity of caricature; and of those living, Mr. Lindley Lambourne, of "Punch," alone possesses it in like measure. What Attwood's influence for the good has been, through twenty years of active and unselfish service, cannot now be estimated.

Enough to know that it was great, and that we may make it greater by collecting his work in some form that will stimulate to beneficent efforts those



HEADPIECE TO "WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?" BY JULIAN RALPH, IN THE COSMOPOLITAN, DECEMBER, 1895.

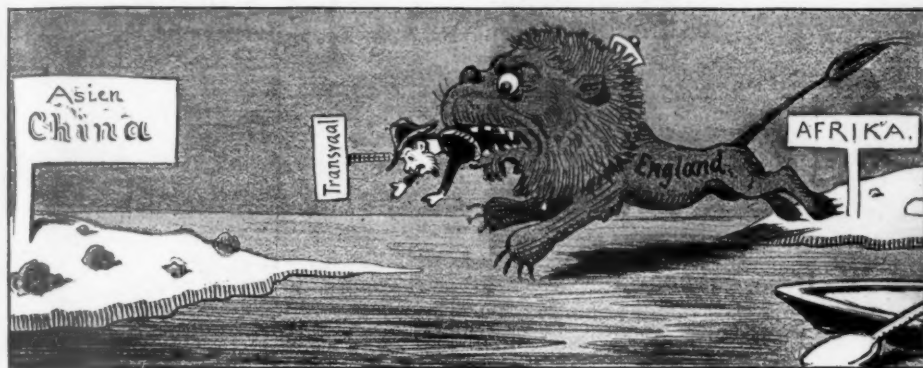
who never knew him, enlisting their sympathy for what is best in American aspiration and arousing their scorn for our more sordid failings.



TAILPIECE TO "COLLEGE FRATERNITIES," IN THE COSMOPOLITAN, APRIL, 1897.

GREAT EVENTS : HUMOR AND SATIRE.

BY THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS CARTOONISTS.



THE LION DOESN'T SWALLOW ONE MEAL BEFORE HE THINKS OF ANOTHER.

From Kikeriki, of Vienna.



CECIL RHODES AND DOCTOR JAMESON MAKE THEMSELVES USEFUL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

From Kladderadatsch, of Berlin.



THE WAY TO GET THE POWERS TO PEKIN.

From the Chicago Daily News.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



THE EUROPEAN POURS OVER THE EARTH THE BLESSINGS OF CIVILIZATION.

From Simplicissimus, of Munich.



THE HERO FORGETS HIS MISERY ON REACHING THE ENEMY'S STORES.

From Kladderadatsch, of Berlin.



JOHN BULL: "I do wish he'd run away, so I could go and play with the boys."

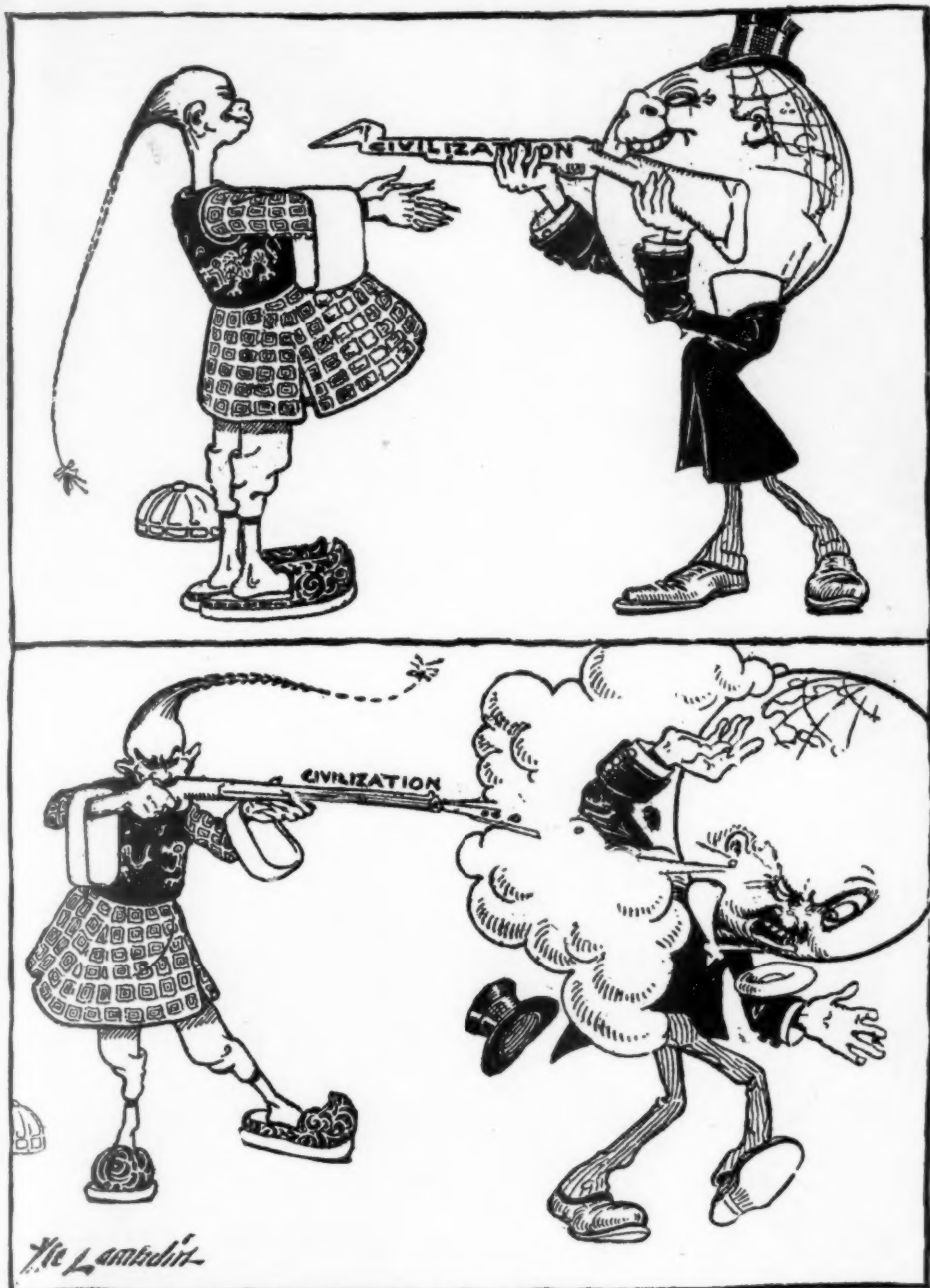
From the Chicago Daily News.



UNCLE SAM: "No, John, I don't b'lieve she's ludded, but folks do git all shot up sometimes a-meddlin' with empty weepens."

From the New York World.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



THE JOKE OF AN INGRATE.
From the Denver Times.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



MARK: "Hurry, Mac, he's coming!"
From the Omaha World-Herald.



"I don't want to see the day when the American citizen will be like his fellows in Europe, every man as he goes to his work carrying one soldier on his back."—CARL SCHURZ.
From the New York Journal.



THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE FOR 1900.
From the Detroit Journal.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



A DEMOCRATIC CARTOON.
From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

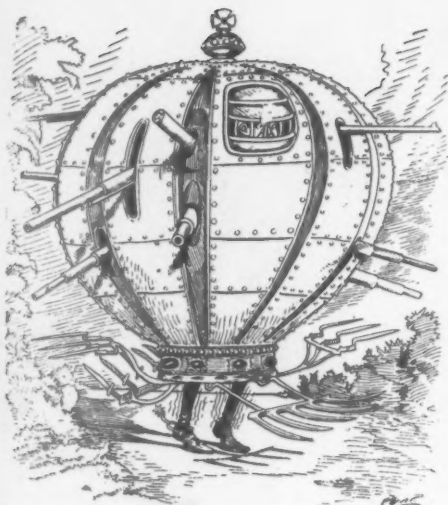


ON THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE.
From the Columbus Post-Press.

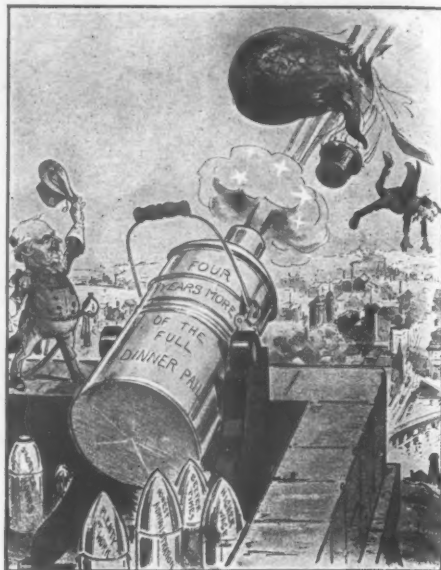


FOOLING THE OLD MAN.
From the New York Herald.

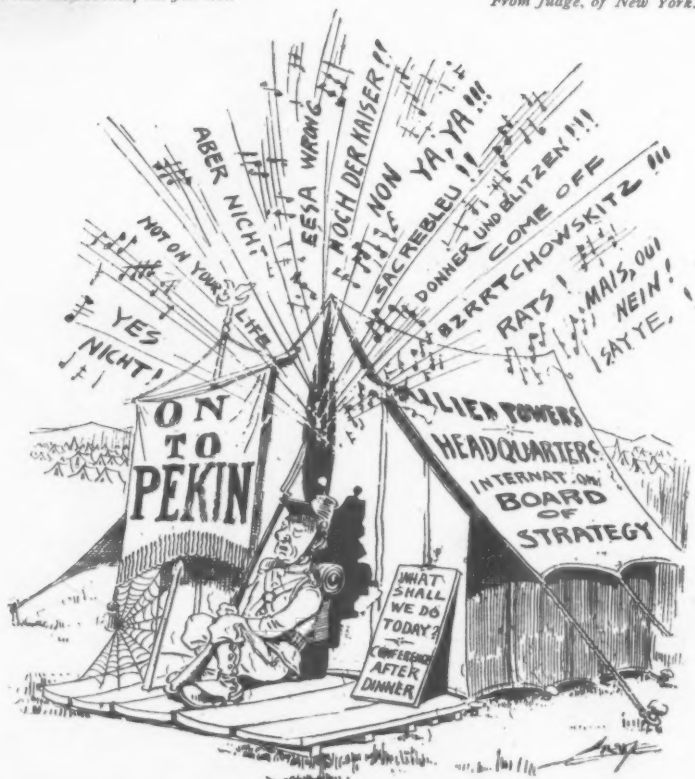
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THE SAFETY CROWN—FOR PEOPLE IN THE KING BUSINESS
From the Minneapolis Journal.



A REPUBLICAN CARTOON.
From Judge, of New York.



WOULDN'T THIS BE NAPOLEON?
From the Boston Herald.





A COSSACK OF THE DON.

(See "The Organization of the Russian Army.")